THE INDEPENDENT.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, "BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS." BY S. W. BENEDICT.

VOLUME I. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1849. NUMBER 53.

THE INDEPENDENT.

OFFICE 201 WILLIAM ST., CORNER OF FRANKFORT.

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☞ ADVERTISEMENTS.—Seventy-five cents for 16 lines for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion.

TO AGENTS.—With a view of extending the circulation of *The Independent*, we are desirous of obtaining, immediately, the services of three or four suitable canvassing agents, to whom good encouragement will be given.

TO OUR FRIENDS.—As it will be impossible for us to send agents to any very considerable portion of the wide field which is open, we would thank our friends to undertake voluntary agencies in their own churches, and send us the result of their efforts. The reduction made in the price of the paper, and the increased value we hope to give to it, ought to secure a large addition to our subscription list for the coming volume.

THE EDITORS TO THE PUBLIC.

The undersigned are alone responsible for the character and sentiments of *The Independent*. They have competent assistance in the departments of news and correspondence, and the Journal is established on an adequate pecuniary basis.

LEONARD BACON.
JOS. P. THOMPSON.
R. S. STORRS, Jun.

Domestic Correspondence.

MINNESOTA—PEMBINA.

To the Editors of the Independent:

GALENA, Illinois, Nov. 1849.

Since my last letter respecting MINNESOTA, I have met with the official enumeration of the inhabitants of the Territory, which is here inserted:

"The return is made by Districts, and gives the name of each head of family, and the number of males and females in each family separately.

"The enumeration dates from the 11th day of June, 1849; at which time the whole number of the inhabitants was found to be 4,680;—of which 3,057 were males, and 1,713 females.

"The largest portion of the population of the Territory is found in St. Croix county, which in the enumeration is divided into precincts, as follows: Stillwater, 609; Lake St. Croix, 212; Marine Mills, 172; St. Paul, 840; Little Canada and St. Anthony, 571; Crow Wing and Long Prairie, 350; Osakis Rapids, 133; Falls of St. Croix, 16; and Snake River, 82—making 2,985 for this county. La Pointe county contains 22; Big Stone Lake and Lac Qui-Parle, 68; Little Rock, 35; Crow Wing precinct, 174; Prairieville, 22; Oak Grove, 23; Black Dog Village, 18; Crow Wing (east side), 70; Mendota, 122; Crow Village, 16; Red Wing Village, 33; Wabeshaw and Root River, 114; Fort Snelling and Gaines, including the soldiers [158 at the former and 100 at the latter], 355; Pembina, on the Red river of the North, 637; Missouri river, 86;—making in all, as before stated, 4,680 inhabitants, Indians excluded."

There are fewer persons coming down this fall than was expected. With very rare exceptions, those who have migrated to MINNESOTA during the season remain. The causes that have hindered emigration thither the present year, have kept back farmers more than any other class of people—and it is *farmers* that Minnesota now needs most. The winter wheat of Minnesota will hereafter be a more "reliable" crop than that of Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin, in one respect—it will not be killed, as our wheat often is, by open winters. The winters there are as endurable as here, and more snow falls. The sleighing is about as good and as uninterrupted as in Massachusetts, while often here a few days' sleighing is all we enjoy. Minnesota is to be a *great wheat-growing State*. The "new purchase" to be made of the Sioux is all fine wheat land, and there is plenty of fertile land on the borders of Lake St. Croix and on the prairies above St. Paul yet unoccupied, to say nothing of the lands on the river below. A fine "Half-Breed Reservation" (reserved by the Sioux for the half-breed Sioux), has just been purchased by government; it lies along the river, beautifully situated, and as productive as a farmer's heart could wish. The cost of transportation to this city will be but a trifle, and when the "Galena and Chicago Union Railroad" is completed to this city, giving the wheat-growers and traders a choice of markets East and South, large quantities of wheat from the upper country will be forwarded from this point in both directions. The editor of the "*Minnesota Pioneer*" says: "It has now been demonstrated that Minnesota is preeminently a wheat-growing region, producing full, fine berries of wheat, with more certainty than any other soil, and wholly without hazard of loss by winter-killing." I suppose you are accustomed to make about as much deduction from our "Western exaggerations" as will reduce this to the real fact, viz: that Minnesota is destined to contribute very largely to the grain trade. Already a flouring mill, equal to the best at Rochester in your State, is projected at St. Anthony, and will probably be erected another season. (Your readers must not imagine, however, that all the wildness and beauty of these celebrated Falls have departed. When all the saw and grist-mills needed for twenty years shall have been erected, enough of the picturesque and original loveliness of the spot will remain to richly repay those who are thinking of summer tours in this direction. The main Falls are not affected at all by these utilitarian improvements. There is as much "romance and poetry about them" as heart could wish). Gentlemen in this city are also turning their attention to the prospects and wants of the wheat business. Hitherto lead has been the staple here, but in a few years the heavy operations in that article will be more than equaled by the dealings in grain from Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota. A company here has lately purchased six acres of land just below the city for the purpose of erecting a first-rate flouring-mill.

I intended to have communicated the information I gathered in the upper country respecting "*Pembina*," the settlement in North-western Minnesota, of which your Iowa correspondent has given an account. The name "*Pembina*" was originally applied to a large district formerly supposed to be beyond the American line, but is now confined to the settlement just below the line, quite recently formed. There are none but half-breeds there at present, but the continued oppressions of the Hudson's Bay Company, together with the superior advantages for hunting on this side, will bring over large numbers of the French, English and Scotch, of unmixed blood, as soon as there are more "improvements" on the land. There were originally many Swiss too in the "Selkirk Settlement," but most of them came down the river in the time of the remarkable "Red river flood," twenty years ago, and are now some of the best and most respectable citizens here and in St. Louis. "The Church of England" is established of course in the "Selkirk Settlement," and there are there three Episcopal church edifices, capable of accommodating, it is said, from four to seven hundred each, and usually well filled. The settlement is thirty miles long on the river, and these churches are some distance from each other. There are four Episcopal clergymen in the settlement, one of whom is engaged in teaching. The half-breeds at *Pembina* are without any religious teachers, and though *they* do not promise much for missionary operations, yet when the Scotch and English begin to follow them "over the border," it seems to me very important that the A. H. M. S. send a missionary among them. It is very natural that they should come over the line, as the whole settlement was once within what is now the United States territory, and they were obliged to move north by the Hudson's Bay Company. The revenue drawn from the American hunting grounds by the company is very large, as nearly all the hunting and trapping is done south of the line; and steps are being taken to secure to our citizens advantages as great as those secured by the company to traders in the British territory. The object of the late military expedition under Capt. Pope, was to protect the fur trade, by intimidating the Indians and establishing military stations. It was dispatched at the suggestion of the Hon. H. H. Sibley, a member of the American Fur Company.

Capt. Pope states that the Red river of the north is navigable for boats of three or four feet draught of water 500 miles, for four or five months in the year. A Red river steamboat (think of it!) might come to within 125 miles of the Mississippi. The Red river is heavily timbered from 49 deg. North lat. up to beyond the celebrated line of "54 deg. 40 min." The soil on its lower section is a rich, dark vegetable mold, producing everything, and but little broken as to its surface. Indeed the whole region, bounded by the line on the north, the Mississippi and Lake Superior on the east, and the St. Peter's on the south, having the Red river running through its center, is exceedingly beautiful and fertile. On the west side of the Red river timber is not so abundant as in other parts of Northern Minnesota. Capt. P. has partially explored the country between Otter Tail Lake (one of the sources of the Mississippi), and Red Lake, and has commenced a map. It is hoped he will be appointed to continue the examination of that unknown region next season.

Yours, &c. G. F. M.

P. S.—The first frost occurred in Minnesota Saturday night, the 6th of October. We are having now the mildest days of our mild Indian summer, a season unknown east of the mountains. A sharp change is expected about thanksgiving.

For the Independent.

THE TRINITY.

LAND OF THE PILGRIMS, Nov., 1849.

The churches of the Pilgrims are not well satisfied with the *rationale* of the doctrine of the Trinity attempted by the theologians of the present day, and perhaps I may add of any *other* day. Why should they be? The great and good Athanasius himself confessed that "when he forced his understanding to meditate on the divinity of the Logos, his unavailing efforts recoiled on themselves; the more he thought, the less he comprehended." "As soon as we begin to reason of *infinite* substance, of spiritual generation, we are involved in darkness and perplexity and inevitable contradiction." Hilary lamented that "in this there were as many creeds as opinions, and as many doctrines as inclinations. *Homoöusian* is rejected and explained away. Every moon we make new creeds to describe invisible mysteries." These churches of the Pilgrims, we think, rest more simply on Bible truth than do some others. Their old master, Robinson, advised them to avoid all appearance of bigotry, and that they should rejoice to receive any new light which might break forth by a diligent study and examination of the holy Scriptures; but they have always been jealous of new theories, not making a great account of creeds and confessions, but trusting for progress to "the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

They have never objected to the Savoy or Westminster Confession on that subject, although their faith is not founded on either of them, and although, with Athanasius, the more "they attempted to think of an infinite and spiritual substance, the less they comprehended." And although John Milton and Talmarius broke a lance upon the meaning of the word *persona*, one holding its meaning to be "the individual substance of a rational nature" (and they were the greatest of Latin scholars), yet they have not perplexed themselves with these distinctions, always satisfied, as they have been, that they could not attain a satisfactory knowledge of the true God without taking into view "the Son of God who hath declared him." At the present day, they seek to obey their Lord by "searching the Scriptures," believing that "they are they which testify of him." All the facts relating to his person, and all his works of which they testify, they fully believe, but they set up no theory on the subject, and think it not dangerous to allow private Christians to interpret the creed for themselves, and especially to leave controverted terms to grammarians and metaphysicians.

When Parliament had determined to tolerate all who believed in the *fundamentals* of Christianity, the divines were called upon to consider and report what these *fundamentals* were. The great and good Baxter, the leading divine on the committee, "persuaded his brethren to report the apostles' creed, the Lord's prayer, and the ten commandments." And when it was objected that it would include Socinians, he said, "it is impossible, in my opinion, to devise a form of words to which heretics would not subscribe, when they had perverted them to their own sense." Questionless, "a nose of wax" may more easily be made of a *creed* than of the *Bible*. The creed deals in *generals*, the Bible in *particulars*. A collection of revealed facts comes with weight upon the understanding and the conscience; but creeds are instruments of *conformity* rather than *conversion*. Mr. Scott and other leading divines tell us that no words can more exactly express the true doctrine than those passages of Scripture which ascribe to the Lord Jesus Christ the same perfections which they ascribe to God—those which ascribe to him the creation of all things and the other works of God, and which claim for him the proper worship of God; that indeed "the doctrine of the Trinity is a *necessary inference* from these passages." But if we expound these passages as do these divines, and fully believe them, and yet *cannot make this inference*, so as conscientiously to adopt the *words* of the creed and the *exposition* of them as *they* do, what is to be done? Are we "to be judged as sinners?" If we cannot arrive at a satisfactory understanding of the *words* which define the doctrine, are we to be condemned for not "liking these metaphysics?" Is it to be taken for granted that all private Christians are grammarians, or honest metaphysicians, who must necessarily reason as do one class of doctors?

Conformity on this subject was once tried upon the Church, and a *single* letter was all that was wanting, and yet that very letter set everything in confusion, and intolerance and persecution for centuries were the consequence. We think, with Dr. Beecher on his trial for heresy, that the confession is open to exposition; yet in expounding it, are private Christians, in all respects, to conform to the opinions of the doctors? What is that faith worth which has no other foundation than the opinion of another? All ought to be prepared, beyond this, to give a *reason* for the faith and hope that are in them.

William Penn was indicted for disbelieving the doctrine of the Trinity, which was a crime by the laws of England. He said that was not a scriptural word, and he could not conscientiously make use of it; but he expressed his belief in all the declarations of the Bible concerning the person of Christ, and the jury acquitted him, it would seem *rightly*, although the doctors were not satisfied. It would seem that by this time sensible men ought to know that nothing is gained by the adoption of terms or words in theology, the precise meaning of which is not understood, which serves only to "darken counsel by words without knowledge." As long ago as the "Provincial Letters," Pascal ridiculed the idea of "adopting words to get up an *apparent* conformity, when it was well known that they were understood differently by different persons who adopted them: words at the same time to be pronounced by all who would avoid the name of heretic: words which are not to be found in the Bible, nor in use among the first Christians." When Bishop Horsely wrote his first tract against Dr. Priestly, he proposed a *rationale*, or theory of the Trinity, and said he could satisfy any candid man that it was sustained by the Scriptures. Dr. Priestly replied that *he* was a candid man, and challenged him to make the *rationale* good by the Bible. The bishop replied that he had said more than he intended to say—that he intended to say only that he was *himself* satisfied that the Scriptures sustained the *rationale* which he had adopted. Who is the doctor stronger or more orthodox than Horsely? who is to satisfy us of the true theory or *rationale*? who is to "reach the hight of this great argument?" and who is the man to cast the first stone at him who cannot believe what is not revealed? To convict of heresy, we must ground our charge upon *biblical truth*; if one "denies the Lord who bought him," "the Lord from heaven," let him be rejected. "To the law and to the testimony."

The churches of the Pilgrims try no man by any human creed or dogma. We are told our Presbyterian brethren try charges of heresy upon the *Confession*, a standard so immovable, a law so like that of the Medes & Persians, that it is even heresy to attempt to show an article of it to be unscriptural. Dr. Beecher was so tried. His heresy was alleged in the very words of the Confession. However this may be, the discipline and practice of these churches is as I have stated, and, for aught I know, has given occasion for an eminent doctor of theirs to say of Congregationalism, that it is "loose and migratory, a floating island, on which men do not choose to live;" but upon which *we do, nevertheless, choose to live*; and so far are we from being justly chargeable with "*ferocity*," that no churches have a more pleasant communion with sister churches than those in the land of the Pilgrims, one hundred of which now stand "shoulder to shoulder" in the great benevolent operations of the day, not fearing a comparison with the churches of any doctors at home or abroad for good order, good faith, catholic and benevolent affection, and true Christian progress. We have "kept the faith," not by broaching and contending for theories upon the articles of our creed, nor by calling on our brethren to say *shibboleth*, when the word is not in our Bible, but by "holding fast our integrity and not letting it go, holding fast the form of sound words which become sound doctrine," as set down for us by Him who cannot err. While we accord to all the inalienable right of interpreting the Scriptures for themselves, we take care to be well agreed when we enter into ecclesiastical connections. Said Luther, "Here is the Bible: show me from this that I am wrong, and I will recant." Confessions and decrees of councils and synods had very little weight with him. If we part from the Bible, and exact conformity to theories not revealed in it, "we progress backward," and *popery*, if not "*chaos* has come again."

These new theorists seem to think we must *believe* their *rationale*, although we cannot *understand* it; they admit that it is a *mystery*, and *ex vi termini*. A mystery is that concerning which we have no knowledge or information, and so calls for no faith, except in the existence of the mystery. The definition of *persona* is brought forward by one of them, confessedly from old writers, whom many thought were confuted long ago. And certainly it is much like solecism to say that all *three persons* are of the same *substance*, and then to define *person* as an individual *substance*—three substances of the same substance! If there be any sense in this, how far is it from Tritheism? So the *personal union* of the Godhead and manhood in our Lord Christ was long ago denied, while an intimate connection between them was admitted. This also was thought to have been proven to be a heresy. But now we are told "the one God is developed *to us* under the condition of a threefold personality," while the *reality* of this personality is not admitted. Does this doctor suppose this is a theory which has not long ago been considered by the Church and rejected? He says "he declines to investigate the interior mystery," and herein he is right. Paul said, "Great is the mystery of godliness;" and if Paul could not explain it, we shall get no light from the doctors of this day. Another says "the union of the two natures in our Lord *was without composition*." Is this making any progress? The ancient councils used similar language, but does it convey any information? Several more doctors have given their definitions, and it is not a new thing that men attempt to be "wise above what is written." From them all we turn back to the renewed study of the Bible, its great revealed truths and facts, its antiquities, its philology, its promises and threatenings, and the duties it enjoins, and we think the character of our Lord shines a thousand times fuller and brighter from these leaves than from all the leaves of all the confessions extant.

A DESCENDANT OF THE PILGRIMS.

THE INCARNATION.

For the Independent.

To Prof. Porter, of Yale College:

REV. AND DEAR SIR—In a conversation with you during the past summer, on the state of religion in New England, you remarked, if I remember correctly, that the doctrine of the Incarnation was likely to engage the attention of New England theologians to an unusual extent during the next quarter of a century. And I remember calling your attention to a work which I had recently seen, but which, at that time, I had read only in part. I allude to "The Doctrine of the Incarnation," by Archdeacon Wilberforce.

I now take the liberty to state that it has been made accessible to American readers generally, in a very neat reprint, by Hooker, of Philadelphia.

I have not yet found leisure to study the work, (and it is not a book to be *dipped* into, or read by snatches), yet I think I cannot be mistaken in supposing, notwithstanding its laborious style, that it is a most important contribution to Theological science, if not the most important that this age has furnished.

The Incarnation (you will, I am sure, agree with me in saying) is not only *fundamental*, but ramifies in so many directions the entire system of evangelical truth, that where it is not held in its fullness and integrity, there the Gospel is not. For, apart from this doctrine, what is the *peculiar* significance of the atonement and the mediation; what the *basis* of Christian unity; the *source* and limitations of Sacramental efficacy; the reasonableness of public worship, and the obligation of *united* prayers? On these, and their cognate branches of Theological science, the author discourses in a reverential and scholar-like tone, such as may well reconcile the thoughtful reader to any occasional obscurity of which some have complained, not perhaps without reason.

Altogether, without meaning to imply assent to all the author's statements, without a more careful examination, I deem the work of so much importance as to justify my adopting this rather unusual method of directing to it the attention of New England divines.

I remain, dear sir, very truly yours,
M. P. PARKS.

For the Independent.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES IN GERMANY.

The following is an abridged translation of a stirring article in Professor Tholuck's *Anzeiger* of last month. It is a review of a work recently published in Germany, entitled "The Interior Mission of the German Evangelical Church." Every indication of the waking up of Christian life and zeal, and of Christian activity, in that land of thinkers and writers, which has worked so powerfully both for good and evil upon the religious world, must be hailed with pleasure. The article, it is presumed, is from the pen of Professor Tholuck himself.

"THE INTERIOR MISSION OF THE GERMAN EVANGELICAL CHURCH. A Memorial to the German nation, &c. By J. H. Wichern, Hamburgh. 1849.

"There is a class of books which cannot be read at a single heat. One must lay them down and take time to assimilate them with his own modes of thought, before he can read further. When sharp acids are poured into water, it trembles and quakes while the union is taking place. Only when a congenial element is poured into the soul can it be drunk down like lukewarm coffee. Such is not this book of Wichern's. One must lay it down more than once in order to take into his conception the whole wretchedness, the whole sorrow which lies upon our nation. Read then this book, all ye who know anything of the love with which God in Christ has loved the world; all ye who say "it must be better," and who have some perception of the only source of such a reformation.

"The title of the book designates it as a memorial to the German nation. If they would but receive it as such! If they would but consider what belongs to their peace! It is a book, the reading of which should cause all who love the Lord to arise, not again to fold their hands, till it is thoroughly digested, till it has become to them flesh and blood. It is high time; it is the eleventh hour.

"The author first develops the *idea of the Interior Mission*. 'It is the collective labor of love, springing from faith in Christ, and duly organized for the rescue of lost brethren.' It is the pure child of faith. India has her establishments for deified monkeys, oxen and crocodiles; but of love seeking the rescue of its brother man heathendom knows nothing. Mohammedanism is equally poor. Pagans and Mohammedans have no Savior who humbled himself and died out of pure love to man. The Interior Mission is one of the flowers which have grown up beneath the cross. Christ himself exercised it on the cross for the salvation of the robber on his right. Wichern then defines the relation of the Interior Mission to the State and the Church. He calls it international and interconfessional; meaning by this that it is confined to no country nor creed. It is to take its course, as a great remedial effort, through all the States and communions. In its special arrangements in single countries, nationality and the existing forms of religion are to be held sacred, and the greatest care taken not to come in conflict with these hallowed elements. It recognizes no one form of government exclusively, in this respect abiding strictly by the direction, "Let every one be subject to the powers that be." It will serve the State, asking nothing in return but the right of free association. It will serve the State even when trampled by it under foot. It cannot do otherwise. To the Church its position is this: it is not an activity outside of the Church, or side by side with her; much less is it a church-disturbing influence. It is a union of all the living members of the Church for the awakening of the dead, the transformation of the hostile. Its object is not to make proselytes to any particular communion. It is the daughter of the Church, in whose sphere for the time it works. Its aim will be to bring the doctrines of each church to the consciousness of the masses who are either ignorant of them, or to whom they have become a dead letter. By no means will it interfere with the exercise of the spiritual office; though it will indeed be a disturber of those unspiritual guides who slumber in a false peace, and will work too to the confusion of their unspiritual deeds. But to the true pastor it will be a handmaid to lead back to the Lord the strayed members of the flock. It will seek out the thorny fields of labor. Whatever is estranged from the church, from the faith, from the disciples of Christ, will be sought after. Where the tares grow so thick that the one gardener can no longer do the work, it will come in to his help. Its tent will first be pitched on the waste places of the wide-spread apostasy. On the duration of that evil depends the duration of the Interior Mission. When in a community the sleeping and dead are awakened to life in Christ; when the opposers of the cross are changed to its friends, then is its work in this field finished; it departs from that place. And if possible to conceive of a period when, in the whole Church of Christ, every knee shall bow before the Lamb that was slain, then will the Interior Mission have fulfilled its task. Then let it die like some hoary father, who leaves to pious children his faith, and the fruit of his toil, and lives still in them.

"The *range of the Interior Mission* is then defined. First, in respect to the civil sphere. All misery in the State springs from the dark fountain of estrangement from God. Godlessness is the canker of all order, and of the State itself. Salvation depends solely and alone upon the people being led back to Jesus Christ. By him must those who yet stand be kept from falling. Especially in youth must barriers be set in the way of corruption. Christian love must seek the fallen in their prison cells. Christ himself specially urges visits of mercy to the prisoner. "I was a prisoner," says he, "and ye visited me." Here are mentioned those noble friends of the prisoner, Earl Borromeo, Vincent Von Paul, Howard, Elizabeth Fry, Sarah Martin, &c. The reader must feel that in comparison with other Christian lands, Protestant Germany is, in nearly all the branches of self-sacrificing activity, almost *tabula rasa*. As the Interior Mission does not intermeddle with creeds, so neither does it with prison systems. It goes into prisons as they are, and impelled by pure voluntary love seeks to win all prison service, generally performed by men without piety, into its own hands. It meets the released culprit, after the execution of his sentence, and strives to restore to society its wounded member sounder than before.

"Second, in the ecclesiastical sphere. Here we find sad complaints over the large size of parishes. The population of Germany has doubled within a hundred years, and the servants of the Word have become fewer. It is often found impossible to bring the word of God within any convenient distance of a part of the people. There are parishes embracing from eleven to nineteen square miles. Fearful instances of spiritual destitution are related. Above this general desolation tower the great cities like the strongholds of sin. A sickly sensitiveness of taste, a perverted intellectualism, excessive eagerness for amusement, a *canaille* dead to every higher impulse, here meet the Christian in gigantic forms. Over them lies the odor of death, as over Sodom. Then follow the means of relief. The aim must be to leave no individual within the whole range of the evangelical church, to whom the opportunity shall not be brought of hearing the gospel in the right manner, i. e., in the one exactly suited to him. That this may be effected, the Bible Society must greatly increase its activity; domestic worship must be re-established; the reading of the Bible must be rendered systematic by appropriate directions; Bible classes must open the eyes of the people to the riches of the Scriptures, and awaken ed an interest in the reading of them. An entirely new realm of literature must be opened. If an unbridled fancy and the lust of gold have impulsive power enough to shoot up a mushroom host of romances and other soul poison for every fair, surely Christian brotherly love has gifts, energy and perseverance to create a new literature for the rescue of souls. Beginnings are made, but they are not sufficient: we have not exerted ourselves to penetrate every department of knowledge with the Christian spirit. Book dealers must make it their glory to be, not Satan's emissaries, but the servants of Christ. Provision must be made for useful libraries for the people. The Evangelical Society of France has sent out three hundred such libraries to different places. The great London Tract Society has, in the forty-eight years of its existence, established 1,589 such in various districts of the country. And what is Germany doing? The last named Society has, since 1799, scattered over the earth 442,000,000 of writings in above a hundred languages. In their catalogues we find books in almost every department of popular literature and science. They do not confine themselves to what is strictly religious. They are not willing that the people should become acquainted even with History, Art, Natural Science, through the devil's spectacles. Even into the light department of entertainment must the Church seek to breathe the breath of the Spirit.

"At the time of the Reformation the Lutheran church strewed Europe with tracts. Many of our best devotional hymns were first distributed as pamphlets. Colporteurs must carry tracts and Bibles into every man's house, and if the opportunity occurs of reading to the family, should accompany it with a few quickening words. The result of Bible distribution may be seen by a single instance. In the summer of 1845, a party of friends, spending the season at Blackpool, a bathing place in Lancastershire, united in an effort to do some permanent benefit to that place by circulating Bibles. In the course of a few weeks they had distributed 1,800 copies. One of the party was from Manchester. On his return thither, cheered by the success at Blackpool, he prosecuted the work. He found his way into the Sunday-schools, which in that great manufacturing town number four thousand pupils. Teachers and scholars became animated with the liveliest zeal for the spread of the divine word, and labored during the week among the operatives in the factories; these in turn took part in the work; overseers in the warehouses and magazines, many young people employed in the great woolen factories, and great numbers of others of all ages and callings were enlisted. One girl belonging to a Sabbath-school disposed, in seven weeks, of seven hundred Bibles. In one school 2,800 copies were sold in one week. Another, during 8 weeks found purchasers for 1000 copies weekly. It was necessary to order at once 170,000 copies from London to Manchester. In the first twenty-nine days of September, 20,515 copies, and from the 1st of October to the 18th of December, 1845, 42,840 copies of the Bible and New Testament were sold. The movement extended to Hull, Derby, Bradford, Liverpool, Birmingham and Bristol which are brought by the railroads into close connection with Manchester. It is worthy of notice that this work was originated wholly by laymen, and that during its progress the halls of the socialists and communists stood empty. Wichern closes this narrative with the following question: 'Where hast thou such laborers, dear church of our Father-land; where such victories for the Eternal king to show?'"

For the Independent.

THE TESTIMONY OF SUFFERING.—No. 2.

Are all Christians called in a greater or less degree to exhibit this evidence of their faith? The converts in Madeira, and Madagascar, or those who come out from the corrupt churches of the old world, bear a testimony which we cannot give—the loss of all things for Christ's sake. To us, the lines are fallen in pleasant places.

We are not destitute, afflicted, tormented, compelled to hide ourselves from cruel persecutors in dens and caves of the earth.

No cruel mockings and scourgings await our public profession of religion. But is ours then *another* religion from that of the apostles and martyrs? Are we indeed called to another gospel, whose profession not only implies no personal risk, but requires no self-denial? Where are the hundreds of young men who should be this day preparing to preach the Gospel of Christ? Where! Would Paul have felt justified in excusing himself from the ministry by the reasons which our young men are satisfied to give?

Let us suppose (if we may even imagine such a thing possible) that Paul, after conferring with flesh and blood, declines to preach the Gospel. He thinks, perchance, that his bodily presence is weak, either from some defect in his eyes, or his want of a commanding stature, and concluding he can make no impression as an orator, he engages in worldly pursuits. He chooses his residence it may be at Corinth, and by his energy of character and diligence in his calling becomes a wealthy and influential citizen.

Having no wish to be *singular*, he lives according to the fashion of his day. His marble palace is in the most approved style of Grecian architecture, and the exquisite creations of Phidias and Apelles adorn his magnificent apartments.

He is clothed in the rich fabrics of India and Persia, his chariot is drawn by milk-white steeds, and his splendid galley awaits his pleasure excursions on the Ægean.

His library is filled with the costly manuscripts of ancient literature, and his house is the resort of men of letters, not only of Greece, but of Egypt, Syria, and distant Rome.

He gives a supper to his friends in the luxurious style of Corinth. The sparkling wine of Scio flows from the richly embossed goblets of massive silver, and nothing is wanting to the entertainment which the wealth or taste of the generous host can procure. His guests repose on the silken couches, or wander through the apartments to admire the statuary and criticise the paintings.

Pausing before a fine statue of Apollo, they observe, with surprise, that no incense is burning before it. Even the censer is wanting. An Athenian philosopher, a disciple of Epicurus, turns to the host, and with easy politeness requests the reason of the strange omission. Paul, in turn, is surprised at the question. Did not his guest know that though living at Corinth, he is not a worshiper of its idols? As he is not wanting in natural boldness, he improves the opportunity thus presented to testify to his guests concerning the true God, and the sin and folly of idolatry. He announces to his astonished hearers that he is an humble disciple of the despised and crucified Nazarene, and he earnestly protests to them that he is following in the footsteps of his divine Master. He knows that he is not of the world, even as Jesus was not; he is not governed by its maxims, he follows not its vain fashions, he seeks not its wealth, its honors, nor its pleasures. And closing in a strain of splendid eloquence, he emphatically declares that the world is crucified to him, and he unto the world, and that he lives not to himself, but to Him who died for him, who rose again, and is even now interceding for him at the right hand of God.

What would have been the probable effect of Paul's testimony under such circumstances? Would it have been in demonstration of the Spirit, and with power?

Would his hearers have been likely to exercise repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ?

Rather would not the proud Roman and the polished Greek have turned with a smile of incredulity and scorn from the elegant speaker, who professed a faith so humble and so self-denying, while in his practice he differed so slightly from themselves? If it would have been strangely inconsistent for Paul to live in luxurious ease, while the world was perishing for lack of knowledge, is it consistent for us to do so? What is the testimony which in our circumstances we ought to bear to the religion which Paul professed? Must it not be such as will prove that we are willing to make *positive* and *great sacrifices*, both of personal ease and of property, as circumstances may require? The writer may be permitted to specify a few points in which we may practice self-denial; many others will doubtless occur to the reader's own mind.

Do we use any article of diet which is not needful for health, but is a mere expensive or fashionable luxury?

We should immediately abandon it, for the simple reason that the avails of it *are needed* in building up the kingdom of Christ. Acting upon this principle, would not Christians generally give up *all* intoxicating drinks?

Would *tobacco* in any form find favor with him?

A large amount of the services of the pastry cook and the confectioner would be dispensed with.

Even the fragrant infusion in the "cup that cheers, but not inebriates," would be reserved for the aged and the invalid, the weary or the feeble. We would not speak in harsh terms or incautious censure of the cup which a Howard loved and a Cowper praised. If the Christian is encountering the exposures and privations of a Howard, or suffering from the mental depression of the afflicted Cowper, certainly no one would wish to deprive him of the refreshment which his favorite beverage might give. But surely it cannot be pleaded that the robust and the young need the stimulus of the Mocha berry or the Chinese leaf. To them it would be not merely a useless but an enervating luxury. A large sum (much larger than is commonly supposed) would thus be saved.

In the adoption of this principle, a large portion of our expenditure for dress, equipage, and furniture would be saved.

Expensive journeys for mere pleasure would be avoided.

The Christian's precious time would not be spent in idle conversation, in light reading, or frivolous employments. By diligence in business the fervent in spirit would produce and save large sums for the treasury of the Lord. The poor would receive all needed assistance, and a happy religious influence be exerted over them. Our well educated young ladies would leave without reluctance their homes of affluence to go as teachers to the Western States, where their services are so exceedingly needed. The self-denying parent would cheerfully part with them in so good a cause, however painful the sacrifice. Our young men would inquire earnestly whether they ought not to prepare for the ministry, and bear cheerfully its sacrifices and its burdens. And all would consider seriously the condition of the heathen, and ask earnestly,—Lord, what wilt thou have *me* to do, that I may be the means of sending to them the bread of life? In short, we should forget self in laboring for Christ and the good of souls.

Can we doubt that in this way we might do an immeasurable amount of good, aside from the great spiritual benefit we should personally receive? An impression would be made upon the world that there is a heavenly virtue and power in the religion of Christ. Need we wonder that piety languishes in our Zion? Where is the evidence of its transforming power? Where is the broad line of distinction between the Church and the world? Where is the Testimony of Suffering?

T.

For the Independent.

ON THE PREACHING REQUIRED AT THE PRESENT TIME.—No. 2.

We remark that the same general style of expression or address is not suited to every people or society. Though the doctrines of religion are always to be taught, because the same evils in the heart are to be overcome, and the same graces to be implanted in the soul; yet the manner or style of teaching them should vary so as to be best adapted to the capacities and attainments of the people to whom they are addressed. If the preacher adopts a style too elevated or philosophical; if he is too profound in his reasoning, or indulges in flights of imagination to which his hearers are not accustomed, his labors will be lost. Dr. Chalmers' astronomical discourses, though towering in thought and strong in argument, and "scaling with assured footsteps the sublimities of science," would do little good to an audience of common people. If the preacher forms his style principally by reading metaphysical works, he is in danger of being too abstract, or of having a dry manner; of reasoning too much on principles rather than on facts. The Bible abounds with narrative and history, because they are easily understood by common minds. Hence the anecdote style, or whatever is prominent or tangible, or has "a local habitation and a name," is always more engaging and impressive.

A cultivated audience require a more finished and elevated mode of expression in the preacher. Not that he should indulge a fastidious or sickly taste in his hearers, or disguise any sacred truth by tinsel ornaments; but study the character of the people, and ascertain in what way he can best gain a hearing to the truths he would teach. Thus, Paul at the Areopagus before an audience of philosophers, chemists and poets, spoke on subjects entirely new to them, and with such elegance of diction and force of expression as held them in deep suspense and admiration, and made converts of some of them. His address to the assembled bishops of Ephesus was in a different style; simple, full of the pathetic and suited to the occasion. When called to plead his cause and that of Christianity before his accusers, then his style rises to the argumentative and vehement, and the Roman governor trembles on his tribunal, and the licentious king Agrippa is almost persuaded to be a Christian.

The style best suited to the preacher is that which is his own, or the most natural in expressing the emotions of his heart. As it is said of eloquence, it does not come from far, nor consist in words, but in the thoughts of the speaker, in the occasion and subject treated;—so it is with a good style. It consists in all those qualities of language which bring truth most clearly to the mind. A puerile or antiquated style should never be indulged. It diverts the hearer's attention from the truth, to the im[illegible]

comes. Or if it be too figurative, like Jeremy Taylor's, or too swelling and inflated, like Edward Irving's, or too dry and like Edwards' discourses on justification, or too declamatory, like Saurin, or too horizontal, like Blair, there is loss in the power of truth on the hearer's mind. That vehicle or style should be employed by the speaker which will attract least attention, or which has neither finery or coarseness to divert the hearer's mind from the subject. Just as that lady's dress is the best which sets forth the elegance of her person in the best manner consistent with her comfort. If it be too gaudy, or too careless, it detracts from the symmetry and simplicity of nature. So powerful is a good style that, like eloquence, it gives a spaciousness and recommendation to a bad cause and even to error itself. Hence, preachers of a bad faith are careful to study a smooth and almost enchanting style. This is one of the highest recommendations of their controversial works;—and many think that must be truth which is so beautifully expressed. But if a limpid, bold and manly style can make erroneous doctrines appear attractive, how much more powerful will the truth be by its aid, which some unhappily suppose will recommend itself, whatever may be the mode in which it is expressed. Truths incongenial with the natural heart have often been uttered in a harsh and forbidding manner, when they, of all truths need the greatest fascinations of a mellifluous style.

It must not be forgotten that a sermon is different from every other kind of discourse. It is not an essay, or an oration, nor a declamation, nor a parliamentary speech, nor mere history nor narrative, though it must partake more or less of the style of each of these. And it is this that makes the composition of a sermon so much more difficult than that of any other discourse. It requires great art; and yet all art must be concealed and every part so natural and easy, that, as Horace says, the tyro would think it easy to write thus, but when he tries he finds it difficult. The preacher needs a *plain* style in which his ideas may flow in a natural order, and unobscured by ill arrangement or needless words. This is the transparent style, because it makes everything plain to the common understanding of men; and the preacher who uses it will not have occasion to complain, as many do, that he is not understood; but will be acknowledged, as Dr. Emmons always has been, as a writer whose style is perspicuous, and however deep or profound the subject, all he says upon it is easily apprehended. "Except ye utter words easily to be understood ye speak into the air." Quintilian's rule is, "To speak so that men not only *may*, but *must* understand us."

The preacher will be likely to gain his object if he employs a certain majestic simplicity of style which becomes an ambassador of Christ. Of such a style our Savior has left us an example. We see it in his most striking illustrations drawn from the most familiar subjects; in his parables respecting human life and manners; in his short and close reasonings which confounded those that came to entangle him in his talk.

J. S.

Foreign Correspondence.

"THANKSGIVING DAY" IN ENGLAND.

FROM OUR ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT.

By special command of Her Majesty, as Head of the Church, this day, the 15th of November, has been observed throughout Great Britain as one of Thanksgiving, on account of the disappearance of the cholera. The church-going people throughout the land, there is no doubt, have respected the command, and decently observed the day; and though not recognizing the authority enjoining the observance, the non-conforming congregations have generally availed themselves of the occasion to hold religious services, of a devotional and social character. It would be vain to attempt an estimate of the amount of enlightened, grateful thanksgiving which has this day been elicited and expressed. It is, however, something to be able to say, that good influences have attended the visitation of the cholera. One cannot but contrast the state of feeling, the sympathy, the efforts of benevolence, the consciousness of a common interest, the recognition of duties, which have been displayed, and the serious emot

tures. It persists in the story put forward at the trial, that his wife shot O'Connor, but it confesses that Manning finished the crime by battering in the victim's skull. It gives lengthened details of Mrs. Manning's original purpose of revenge against O'Connor on account of disappointments and deceptions in money matters, and her long perfected and perseveringly carried out measures for his destruction, including the excavation of his grave with her own hands. Everywhere it brings out her remarkable strength of will, and her total want of a religious principle or moral sentiment. She was an avowed disbeliever in a future state.

A fitting pendent to these particulars is a letter by Mr. Charles Dickens, whose name is not, I trust, so unwelcome to your reader, but that his picturesque communication will be read with interest. [See 3d page.]

The rest of the home news is of little interest, though of political import. Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright have made an alliance with the party out of Parliament who are agitating for a large extension of the suffrage, and organizing a congeries of societies throughout the land for enabling frugal working men to earn a vote—to purchase by periodical subscriptions a forty-shilling freehold. The movement promises to become influential, and to bring about political results. The enlistment of Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright in the ranks of its promoters is a sign of the important means which it offers to the practical politician. Mr. Cobden hopes to gain strength outside the walls of Parliament for his projects of financial economy.

The foreign news is equally scanty. The trials at Versailles have terminated in the condemnation of the great majority of the accused, and their sentence to long periods of imprisonment in exile. On the other hand, President Louis Napoleon has granted an amnesty to some 700 of the insurgents of June—the first instalment of his new "independent" policy.

OXON.

The Independent.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DEC. 6.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

☞ We send the first number of the second year to all names on our books, and would ask as a favor of such as *do not wish to continue it*, to return the paper immediately through the Post-office, with their *name* and *Post-office* address legibly written upon it.

To our Local Agents.—Please call on all subscribers in your respective towns, and advise us at the earliest moment of any change to be made.

THE OPENING OF AN ANCIENT GRAVE.

The New Haven newspapers contain the account of an event which seems to us not unworthy of notice in our columns,—the incidental opening of an ancient grave in the process of erecting a monument.

One hundred and sixty years ago—that is, on or about the first day of April, 1689,—there were deposited in that grave the remains of an old man, who, for some twenty years before his death, had lived in New Haven, but had been known intimately only to a very few. He had been a member of the church (now known as the First Church in New Haven), and had been much respected for his intelligence and piety, not less than for the dignity of his manners as if he had been familiar with great things. The rumor had spread abroad in the little village, that this mysterious old man was one of those who for the part they had acted as champions of "the good old cause," in the then recent times of revolutionary conflict, had been compelled to flee with a price on their heads and with the infamy of treason on their names, and had wandered "in wildernesses, in mountains and in dens and caves of the earth." It was even so; though the secret rested as yet in only a few faithful bosoms. He whom they were laying in that grave, had borne a high and perilous part in the conflict which had shaken England and the world. That aged arm, lying stretched and still in the coffin, had wielded the sword in many a bloody field where the battle was set in the name of liberty and religion. The voice, then silent forever, which they had heard so often in the intercourse of friendship and in the communion of prayer, had shouted in many a fight the war-cry of the Roundheads, "Let God arise and let his enemies be scattered!" or "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" That form which they had seen gradually stooping from its military dignity beneath the weight of more than fourscore years, had occupied the seat of judgment, when, for the first time in the world's history, a monarch was arraigned and condemned for making war upon his people. The grave was that of John Dixwell whose name had been subscribed with his own hand to the *death-warrant* of "the man Charles Stuart" King of England. In his exile and seclusion he had borne the name of James Davids.

Soon after his death, "the revolution," as it is called, which had already taken place in England, became known on this side of the Atlantic. The faithless dynasty of the Stuarts had been again expelled, and the secret of that mysterious grave, with the equivocal epitaph "J. D. Esq.ª deceased *March* yᵉ 18th in yᵉ 82ᵈ year of his age 1688-9," was no longer so perilous. The widow and children of James Davids assumed the name of Dixwell; and papers were placed upon record in the probate office, which demonstrated the identity of the deceased with the Col. John Dixwell of the Parliamentary army. In one of those papers subscribed by the deceased, he had used language which showed that he was still of the same mind as when he subscribed the death-warrant of an anointed king. Having had occasion to speak of the ingratitude of some of his relatives whom he had protected and aided in the day of their dependence, but who detained from him that which was rightfully his, "taking advantage of his condition, and showing unmercifulness in that they would allow him nothing for his maintenance, so that if the Lord had not extraordinarily provided for him he had perished for want," he expressed his expectation of a coming revolution in these words:—"Being confident that the Lord will appear for his people and the good old cause for which I suffer, and that there will be those in power again who will relieve the injured and oppressed."

What was that "good old cause" in the faith of which he died? It was the cause of civil and religious liberty. He had been one of the leaders of that army which had committed itself for "liberty of conscience." On the question of liberty of conscience or the freedom of all Christians to associate for religious worship and communion according to their own choice, the great Puritan party had been divided—the Presbyterians on one side, the Independents on the other; and by division the revolution had been lost. The Presbyterians could not relinquish their idea of a national church like that of Scotland, endowed and supported by the State, governed by grave and solemn judicatories, and admitting only the scantiest tolerance of "sectaries;" and when they found the army full of Independents and other "sectaries" demanding full liberty of worship for every local assembly of Christians voluntarily organized, they thought that chaos was coming upon England. In the horror with which they contemplated so dire a chimera as "liberty of conscience," they resorted to negotiation with the common enemy the King, hoping that in such an emergency they might obtain a legal establishment of their "solemn league and covenant." The Independents, on the other hand, including the leaders in the army, insisted that the establishment of Scottish Presbyterianism in the place of English Episcopacy was not the object for which they were contending. In their view "the good old cause" for which they had periled all that was dear to them beside, included as an inalienable element liberty to preach, to teach, to worship, to set up churches according to their own conscientious convictions, without asking leave of king or parliament, of prelate or presbytery. It was the attempt of the infatuated king to deal with both these parties simultaneously, and to play off one against the other with the intention of being false to both, which brought him to trial for his treason against his people, and thus to the scaffold. After the death of Cromwell, it was the cherished and inveterate horror of "sectaries" and "toleration" which led the Presbyterians to commit themselves for the restoration, in the vain, blind hope of obtaining from Charles II., if not the recognition of Presbyterianism as the established Church of England, at least such a modification of the system of Queen Elizabeth as would permit them to be comprehended within the establishment. When the restoration had been accomplished, and Presbyterians and Independents, with all their differences, were loaded with equal infamy, and persecuted with undiscriminating malice, that phrase, "the good old cause," denoted, in the meaning of those who used it, the cause to which the army had committed itself, under the leadership of Cromwell and in alliance with the Independents,—the cause of the Commonwealth of England and of "liberty of conscience."

From his adhesion to that "good old cause" John Dixwell seems never to have swerved. There is no evidence that, to the last, he ever offered any excuses or apology for what he had done. On the contrary, he lived waiting and hoping for "the good old cause" to revive and triumph; and dying, he left upon record his last testimony, "I am confident that the Lord will appear for his people and the good old cause for which I suffer, and that there will be those in power again who will relieve the injured and oppressed." This confidence he carried with him to his grave.

After the lapse of a hundred and sixty years, one of his descendants, with the permission of the City of New Haven, is now erecting over his grave on the great central square, directly in the rear of the Center Church, a monument more suitable than the little sandstone slab which has borne so long its equivocal inscription. In digging for the foundation of the monumental structure, the earth was removed to the depth of more than two feet below the turf; and as the outline of the grave was perfectly distinct at that depth, it was judged proper to open it, and if any remains should be discoverable to remove them a few feet, so that they should rest under the center of the structure. As it was just at evening when the work had arrived at this stage of its progress, and as a large crowd was watching the excavation with a curiosity which might have grown excessive, it was determined to suspend the proceeding till the next morning. According-on the 22nd of November at an early hour by the light of a lantern, the work was resumed, in the presence of only a few witnesses. Soon the dark outline of what had once been the coffin was distinctly visible in the sandy soil; and the skeleton was found in a much better state of preservation than had been anticipated. There lay the skull and all the larger bones exactly in their places as deposited so long ago, the arms stretched along the sides instead of being crossed over the breast. An accurate measurement of the remains showed that the man must have been in his lifetime about six feet in hight, which agrees with the traditionary account of his stately appearance. The dimensions of the skull showed nothing remarkable. The circumference was 20½ inches; the measure across the arch, 9½; that over the arch from the forehead back, 11; diameter in the same direction, 7; diameter over the ear, 6¼. The forehead was neither very broad nor very high; nor was the head large in proportion to the other parts of the skeleton.

A striking incident of the occasion was that an owl which by some means had obtained a lodgment under the roof of the church, sat perched at the round window in the gable of the building, disturbed and excited by the light of the lantern, and apparently watching the proceeding as if he had something to do with it. The watchman who had been stationed there through the night had observed him and had called him "Dixwell's ghost." Many a well authenticated ghost story rests on a slenderer foundation.

The remains of the skeleton, having been carefully gathered up, were placed in a box with the mold of the original grave, and were then deposited under the center of the monument, some three feet from their former resting place.

Perhaps some of our readers will think that we have dwelt too long on these details: yet we cannot leave the subject without giving utterance to the thought which the opening of that ancient grave impresses most deeply on our minds. To the spectators of the transaction, the most obvious thought, and the most impressive, might naturally be that which was nearest to the senses, the thought that such a heap of ghastliness—a few crumbling bones, and a few spadesful of dark, unctuous earth—are in a little while all that is left of the strength and dignity or the attractiveness and beauty of the human frame. But to us the thought most impressively suggested by the occasion, was the thought of the changes which have taken place in this living world, and of the progress which has been made in human history, since that grave closed on the aged exile, weary, disappointed, baffled, hunted, but not despairing of "the good old cause" which he had loved in the enthusiasm of his youth, and for which he had suffered. Only five generations have lived and died since he was laid in his obscure resting place, his very name a secret which none who knew it dared to breathe; and yet how unlike is the world in which we of this nineteenth century are living, to that in which he lived and struggled, and on which he closed his dying eyes. The grave which was made in a wilderness, on the perilous frontier of civilization, is opened—where? In the center of a beautiful metropolis, enriched by commerce and the arts, adorned and hallowed with the temples of a spiritual Christianity, and far renowned for its illustrious seat of learning. That metropolis is only one of the beautiful cities of a little sovereign commonwealth, in which there is neither royalty nor aristocracy, nor yet any restraint on civil or religious liberty, and in which a native inhabitant who has passed the period of childhood without having learned to read and write, is a phenomenon not easy to be found. That commonwealth is one of a great confederacy of States formed on the same general model, whose empire, one of the foremost in the world, stretches over a continent which was then only beginning to be known to the nations of ancient Christendom. And how has "the good old cause" of civil and religious liberty revived and triumphed in forms and by means and methods, of which that exile, who in his way prayed for it, and fought for it, and suffered for it, never dreamed of! Upon that cause all the world's progress, and all the world's conflicts and hopes, are manifestly concentrating. The nations are agitated as of old often tumultuously and blindly; but as we compare the middle of the nineteenth century with the closing years of the seventeenth, how palpable is it that there is such a thing as progress under the providence of God.

A QUERY—AND THE ANSWER.

We cheerfully give place to the following inquiry, which may be answered in a short compass. But before we begin to answer, the reader shall see what the question is.

Messrs. Editors:—In a late number of *The Independent* it is said that "nobody thinks of preferring formal charges against those New England divines, who, instead of holding that God is numerically one in essence and in attributes, hold and contend, *contrary to all the form of orthodoxy*, that there are three Divine understandings, three Divine wills, three Divine capacities of affection, three 'sets of attributes' inhering in the one Divine substance." Now I am not curious to ascertain who "those New England divines" are to whom the above doctrine of the Trinity is imputed. Nor do I inquire whether it is or is not one form of orthodoxy, "that God is numerically one in essence and in attributes." But I wish to inquire whether, when the Westminster divines affirm that the three persons in the Godhead "are the *same* in substance, equal in power and glory," they do not affirm unity of substance, and diversity of Divine attributes? As it appears to me there can be no question whether they affirm unity or oneness of substance, permit me to ask, whether by the phrase "power and glory," they do not mean (Divine) attributes; and if so, how they can assert equality without necessarily implying diversity or distinctness of attributes, and without meaning to be so understood? To assert that things which are equal to the same are equal to one another is not uncommon, and quite intelligible. But to assert that what is numerically one is equal to itself, is not so easily apprehended.

Twins.

This question is a beautiful illustration of how easy it is for an ingenious man to run himself into mistakes by the force of his own logic. Our correspondent inquires about the meaning of the Westminster divines in that answer of the Shorter Catechism which affirms that the three persons in the Godhead are "the *same* in substance, *equal* in power and glory;" and he seems to be quite sure that inasmuch as power and glory are attributes, and inasmuch as that which is numerically one cannot be equal to itself, therefore the Westminster divines mean to be understood as implying that the attributes—*i. e.* the essential attributes of the Father are not the same with those of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. So much for logical inference. But it so happens that the Westminster divines have themselves explained their meaning in a way which exactly contradicts this logic. If our correspondent were as well acquainted with "the Reverend Assembly" as the signature which he has borrowed requires him to be, he would have known that in their Confession of Faith they propound the doctrine thus,—"In unity of the Godhead there be three persons of *one* substance, power, *and* eternity." He would have known too that both in their Confession and in their Larger Catechism, they make a clear distinction between the attributes or properties which are to be affirmed of the one substance or essence of the Godhead—the *one* Supreme being, and those "personal properties" by which the three persons in the Godhead are distinguished from each other. And withal he would have known what those "personal properties" are.

But have not the Westminster divines committed a blunder in using language liable to such an inference as that which our ingenious querist has derived from it? No; the blunder is not theirs, but his. Having solemnly predicated eternity, immutability, wisdom, power, holiness, &c., as attributes of the "*one*, only, living and true God," they are not so careless as to imply in the next breath that there are "three sets" of all these attributes, each "set" distinctly predicable of a distinct person. Nor on the other hand do they affirm or imply that any one attribute of God is equal to itself. The equality, as a little parsing will show, is predicated of three persons in the Godhead, not of three omnipotences, or of three divinenesses.

WHAT IS THE REMEDY?

A late number of the *Genesee Evangelist*, one of the ablest journals in the New School Presbyterian Church, contains an interesting article on the comparative retrogression of that Church in Western New York. The *Evangelist* is of opinion that this state of things is not to be remedied by getting up a denominational organ, nor by waging war against other denominations, but by giving more prominence to the distinctive principles of Presbyterianism, and by the formation of ecclesiastical boards to concentrate the benevolent activities of the church. We like exceedingly the tone and spirit of these remarks, though—if we may be allowed to express an opinion in our neighbor's affairs—they do not quite reach the true remedy. What is said on the negative side is better than what is recommended on the positive. It has been the glory of the New School Presbyterian Church, that with little of ecclesiastical prestige, she has been *morally* strong, strong in her ministry, strong in many of her individual churches, and strong in the enterprises of benevolence. The great thing needed to increase her efficiency is the revival of the religious zeal and activity which once pervaded her membership; just what is needed among all churches.

We certainly do not object to the setting forth of the "distinctive" principles of Presbyterianism, even in a region where the Plan of Union is yet in force. But it cannot be expected that Congregationalists will be silent as to the distinctive features of their system of church polity. In this connection we would again invite attention to the article from the pen of the late Mr. David Hale, entitled "Real Union with Presbyterians," which appeared in *The Independent* of last week.

THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

The editors of the above journal—which by the way has greatly improved in breadth of view, candor and enterprise, under its new management—give the following tap at our door in their last number:

"*The Independent* complains that the Congregationalists in and about New York are stigmatized as Unitarians by their Presbyterian brethren. We are so situated that we cannot sympathize with our friend's uneasiness. We are sorry for them, and more sorry that what is said of them is not true."

We are so situated that we cannot altogether participate in our friends' sorrow; for bad as it is to have our good evil-spoken of, it is certainly better than to be so badly in error as they would have us.

We must further beg them not to put Mr. Beecher and ourselves into the category of "New York Presbyterians" again, with such fatal facility as in their following paragraph. Our ancient Congregational name ought not to be exposed to such perils by grammar:

"Quite a sharp controversy is going on between such New York Presbyterians as Dr. Stiles, Dr. Skinner, and Dr. Cox, on the one side, and Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and the Editors of *The Independent* on the other. It originated in some rather unbrotherly remarks of the three former at a late meeting of the Presbyterian Synod.

"THE WOMEN OF THE NEW TESTAMENT."

Our amiable and decorous contemporary, the *New York Presbyterian*, seems to have been suffering of late from an unwonted activity of the law in the members. The recent Synodical meeting has quite set him ablaze. He must be every week severe upon somebody, or he would not be a suitable organ for so peppery a body. He tried it first on Congregationalists in general, and *The Independent* in particular. But finding it impossible really to quarrel with so conciliatory and conservative a journal as this, he soon relinquished attacks, and reverted to 'hints.' Then he came slap down upon Dr. Bushnell; with a blow much resembling that given to the river by an inexpert diver, when instead of plunging into it he throws himself upon it at full length, and with the face downward. And last week—so rampant is still his chivalry—he runs a tilt against his own backers, the very men who organized the organ, and gave it pipes.

The joust comes off in the Editor's private corner, in a notice of "the Women of the Old and New Testaments," recently published by the Appletons. After speaking of it as one of the most elegant books of the season, in its typography and engravings, he adds—

"Oh that authors and editors of such works would allow us the pleasure, at least in one solitary instance, of saying that the sentiments and style correspond with the mechanical execution! But this gratification we are still denied; and we have been tempted, in this as in many other cases, to speak only of the artists and mechanics, and pass by the writers in silence."

After enumerating the 'personages' represented in the engravings, (of whom, by the way, while claiming to be especially "accurate," he omits six out of eighteen, and introduces one that is not in the book), he adds in his inimitable rhetoric—

"The knowledge that the figures are works of pure invention, must necessarily render them uninteresting, even if the countenances were less insipid than they are. But the style and sentiments of the descriptions and biographies appear to us still more inferior to the subjects. The style is often affected and turgid, often weak and colloquial; and the sentences follow one another without gratifying, instructing, or elevating the mind of the reader. The conclusion is forced upon us as we read, that several of the writers were very inadequately prepared for their tasks, both as readers of history, as theologians, and as clear-minded Christians. We observed with pain several of the fashionable heresies of the day, dressed in some of those specious garbs, which modern infidelity has patched up."

As the *Editor's* judgment seems to have been expressed with sufficient clearness and force, it is not uninteresting to add, that the writers of the descriptions referred to, who were found so inadequately prepared for their task, and so addicted to heresies, were the following:—Drs. Kip and Halley of the Dutch Church; Bishop Henshaw of the Episcopal; Drs. Sprague, Smith, Beman, Cox, Erskine Mason, and Mr. Wadsworth, of the Presbyterian; Dr. Todd and Mr. Kirk of the Congregational. The name of each gentleman is affixed conspicuously to his article, both in the table of contents, and at the commencement of his description.

Gentlemen of the Synod! You must not stir up your organ too violently. It may be harder to hold it, than it was to excite it.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We regret to say that the able and excellent Correspondent at Boston, whose letters during the past year have given so much of interest and value to our journal, feels himself constrained by the urgency of other duties to resign his share in the conduct of *The Independent*. We trust he will still give us occasional contributions; but as a weekly Correspondent his connection with our paper will close for the present with this week. Our regret at parting with him is relieved, however, by the fact that another gentleman, of equal facilities for gathering up whatever is of special interest in religious, ecclesiastical, literary, political and social affairs at the New England metropolis, and carrying a like vivid and facile pen, will henceforth furnish us with his weekly sketches. We have not so much parted with one ally, therefore, as gained another. We are favored the present week with brief letters from both.

We may add, in this connection, that the Rev. A. H. Sessions—favorably known to many of our readers, especially to those in New England, as for several years past among the most esteemed pastors in the vicinity of Boston—is to correspond with *The Independent* during the coming year, from England and the European Continent. Mr. S. has already left home upon his tour; and we shall look to receive our first Letters from him in the course of a few weeks. He will traverse extensively and observantly the countries of Europe, and we are sure that his correspondence will be found by our readers of much value.

CHEAP POSTAGE.

What is to be done about it?

It is very evident that something must be done about it, or we shall not have it. Providence never intended that a free people should obtain so great a boon without an effort. "Cheap Postage" is "for the people," and if the people wish for it they must say so. The whole thing is now in peril, because the P. M. General has come out against it. That is, with an expected surplus of a million of dollars, which he does not know what to do with, he proposes to adopt a uniform rate of five cents. This will hardly produce a sensible increase in the number of letters; for the ten-cent letters are only one-sixth of the whole. The giving up of half the revenue on those will be only a reduction of one-twelfth of the receipts from letter-postage—not much more than half the average yearly increase for the last three years.

Five cents is not "Cheap Postage." This is a technical term, well understood, and is applied to the philosophical system invented by Rowland Hill, and which has been in use in England for ten years, lacking one month. Penny Postage, or two cents, is what all mean by cheap postage, —carrying letters for what it is worth, and not taxing letters to pay for other objects. The experiment in Great Britain proves that the service can be afforded for two cents, and therefore that is the only just measure of its value—money's worth for the service performed.

What then shall be done about it? If something is to be done, somebody must do it. Whose business is it? Everybody's? In one sense it is everybody's business, because everybody is to be benefited by it—impartially, as they would by sweetening the air in time of pestilence. But "what is everybody's business is nobody's business," and if left there it will not be done. *You* must do it—it is *your* business, reader, whose eye is at this moment resting on this column of *The Independent*.

"What shall I do?" What is wanted is an expression of the people's wish, so that Congress cannot mistake, and will not disregard it. This is done in three ways, some or all of which are within the power of each and every reader of these lines; and therefore *you* are justly responsible for so much. These measures are—

1. Publishing articles in the newspapers and magazines. Let every press speak.
2. Writing letters to members of Congress. If not personally acquainted, you are represented by some one, and have a right to address him on matters of public concern.
3. Petitions.—The multiplication of petitions is the main reliance now. If a million petitions can be sent to Congress before the 1st of February, we shall have cheap postage. Multiply them.

Their efficacy depends more on the number of petitions than on the number of names to each—provided each one is signed by responsible persons.

Petitions should not only be numerous, but should represent the wishes of all the various interests, classes, and divisions, that are found in society—trade, learning, humanity, education, religion, agriculture, &c., &c. Let us, by way of example, enumerate some classes or divisions, from which petitions may come:

¶ 1. The President and Faculty of a college.
2. The students of a college.
3. The professors and students of a Medical college.
4. Ditto, of a Theological seminary.
5. The Principal and scholars of an academy.
6. The inhabitants of a School District.
7. The superintendent and teachers of a Sabbath-school.
8. The minister, office-bearers, and members of a church or congregation.
9. The proprietor and employers of a workshop or manufactory.
10. The President and Directors of a Bank.
11. Ditto, of an Insurance Company.
12. Ditto, of any other business corporation.
13. The officers and members of a Chamber of Commerce.
14. The officers and managers of a Benevolent Society, formed for any purpose, or by any name whatever.
15. The managers of any private club, society, or reunion.
16. The officers, managers, and members of any Agricultural Society.
17. Ditto, of any Society for the advancement of art, science, literature, or discovery.
18. Every Library Company and Lyceum.
19. The Publishers, Editors, and Printers of every newspaper.
20. Any other collection of persons, organized or casual, in dwelling, hotel, public place, or elsewhere.

There is no incongruity or impropriety in an individual signing more than one of these petitions, as representing various relations and interests, where it is done in good faith.

Now, there will be ten thousand readers of this paper, each one of whom has access to some one of these, or the like divisions and classes, and who can easily obtain a petition there, by a little discreet and timely effort. There are ten thousand petitions provided for, if only each one will do the part of one. And such a movement, once begun with such vigor and earnestness, will spread all over the country.

In regard to the form of petition, it is better that each one should be original. Some members of Congress are inclined to slight petitions that come in printed forms. A petition may be ever so short, direct and simple—just asking for Two Cents Postage. It will be understood. Or it may be ever so elaborate, eloquent and argumentative. No intellectual labor thus laid out will be lost. It will be useful to have many minds employed in preparing *such* petitions, and then to have them printed in the neighboring newspapers.

The following form of petition is appended to the pamphlet on the "Moral and Social Benefits of Cheap Postage," an extract of which will be found on the last page of this paper. It may be suggestive in regard to other drafts:

"PETITION FOR CHEAP POSTAGE.

"*To the Congress of the United States.*

"The undersigned (inhabitants of A.), or (President and Faculty of B. College), or officers and members of the Society of C. at D.), or (workmen employed in the manufactory of E.), or (teachers and pupils in F. Academy), or (any other collection of persons, as the case may be)—

"*Respectfully represent*, That the tenth year is just closing, in which the people of Great Britain and Ireland have enjoyed the unspeakable blessing of Rowland Hill's System of Cheap Postage; that it has been signally successful in every respect, multiplying the letters from seventy-six to more than three hundred and fifty millions, causing more than a million of letters to be written every day in the year, and producing as great an amount of postage at a penny, as was formerly received at an average of 7d. per letter; that there are more people able to read and write in this country than in that; that the cost of transportation of mails in this country is but $20,000 more than in Great Britain, and the whole cost of the department $2,000,000 less; that Cheap Postage is fitted to be an educator of the people, a guardian of domestic virtue and affection, an instrument for the collection and diffusion of knowledge, and the advancement of society; that it will secure all needed reforms, and prevent all apprehended convulsions, and render our happy Union of States indissoluble; and all these benefits it will yield, without injuring a single interest of any class of citizens, and without involving a dollar's expense to the government, after it shall have time to come fully into operation:

"We therefore pray that Congress would give us the boon of Two Cents Postage, with such other postal reforms as your wisdom may deem desirable."

Schools in New York City.—The Annual Report of the County Superintendent of Common Schools in this city, shows an encouraging increase in the ratio of attendance. There is also an increase in the number of school houses, but too many of the houses are in unsuitable locations, which lessens the attendance, and is in every point of view most miserable economy. The schools of the "Public School Society," 112 in number, enrol 48,543 scholars, and show an *average* attendance of only 17,856. The 61 "Ward Schools" enrol 44,006, with an average attendance of 15,833. The various public asylums add 6,329, averaging 2,689 attendants. Total 96,688 enrolled, 36,376 average attendance.

It is a capital error in legislation that the schools of this city are not subjected to all the arrangements of the general school law of the State. The numerous rival organizations create contentions and cause much needless expense. The report speaks of the lowness and inadequacy of the salaries, particularly those allowed to the female teachers in the primary schools.

"Great care is requisite in providing persons of correct language, as well as correct morals, to give the early instruction to the children of our schools. A wrong impression, or a vulgar pronunciation, imbibed in childhood, will disturb or vitiate the style of thinking and speaking through the whole life. It is therefore exceedingly desirable that children should be started in their educational course under the auspices of teachers who have had their taste cultivated and their minds early imbued with knowledge."

Editorial Correspondence.

WAY SIDE LEAVES.—No. 3.

THE MOUNTAINS AND THE SPRINGS OF WESTERN VIRGINIA.

The general arrangement of the mountain system which limits the Valley of Virginia upon its western side, is easily comprehended. The great line of the Alleghanies, which Mr. Jefferson felicitously described as the back-bone of the continent, has many ribs and lateral processes departing from it; in the form of mountain ranges, of nearly the same elevation with the central range at the point of their departure, but gradually diminishing in height as they extend from it until they sink to the level of the streams and the plain. These do not usually lie directly east and west, however, or at right angles with the central line; but rather in the direction (on the eastern side of the Alleghanies) of northwest by south-east. And sometimes they turn so much toward the south as to be almost parallel with the great range from which they spring, and to form valleys between themselves and it of great breadth and extent—closed at the northern extremity of course, but spreading away southwardly into the open country. Sometimes too there are ranges of hills—which are mountains in reality, and would be so in name but for the dwarfing comparison established against them by their superior neighbors—which have no visible connection with the Alleghany range, but which lie parallel with it, at distances from it of from ten to thirty miles; ranges which seem to have been elevated by the same force, acting more gently, which in its grander developments piled up beyond them the loftier ridges. And sometimes again there are isolated 'knobs' in the vicinity of these ridges;—conical peaks, that stand by themselves, or with only short ranges of rock and forest connecting them with the general level, and adding greatly by their presence to the intricacy and wildness, and the romantic beauty, of the region which they break up. If now it be remembered that this region extends across a belt of country in the lower and western parts of Virginia which cannot be less than from eighty to a hundred and fifty miles in breadth—some notion will be gained of the character of a journey which takes one across it.

The route pursued by my friend and myself led us from Staunton across this mountainous region to the White Sulphur Springs, a distance of a hundred miles; and thence in a south-easterly direction to Fincastle, where we descended again into the open Valley. We had thus a semi-circular ride over and among the mountains, of nearly a hundred and sixty miles in length; and found in it an ample opportunity for studying the general characteristics of the country. A thing which strikes one forcibly as he passes over it—particularly if he is given to traversing the hills as a Peripatetic, disdaining the easier and lazier accommodation of the coach—is the greater length of the hills on their eastern side. As my friend happily expressed it, 'the mountain waves seem to have all flowed westward;' and it might be added, that they were apparently all solidified at the point of cresting. In many cases the ascent was miles in length, (while we journeyed westward), and the descent not a third or a fourth of the distance, but as nearly a perpendicular as an intelligent squirrel would care to try without some practice. This is emphatically the case, as all will remember who have passed over it, with the "Warm-Spring Mountain" so-called, one of those ranges of which I have spoken as lying parallel with the central Alleghany ridge, though not directly connected with it; and just at the foot of which is situated the famous Warm Spring. The walk up this mountain, in the blithe morning air, occupied the best part of an hour, and was something more than three miles in length. But as we looked down westward from the top, the village at the Warm Spring seemed just under our feet; almost as if a stone might be pitched by a strong and skilful hand into its chimney tops. And nearly all one knows of his descent—if he resume his seat in the coach at the summit—is of a precipitate dash in one direction along the side of the steep mountain, of a violent jerk-up of the coach as it turns at an angle of perhaps ten degrees to drive as furiously for a hundred yards in just the opposite direction—then another jerk, and another dash, and another and another, till the prodigious zigzag ends at the bottom, and the smoking horses and the bewildered travelers are brought up 'hurly-burly' at the steps of the Hotel. One feels as he steps from the coach very much like doing what the oriental traveller instinctively did as he came out from his audience with some bloody Pasha—shaking his head, and rapping it with his hand, to assure himself before he breakfasts that it is still upon his shoulders.

THE MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

It will be readily believed that the scenery among these mountains is oftentimes of the grandest character; while at other times it is as gracefully and luxuriously beautiful, as one would wish to see upon a summer's day. At the season at which we were there, the foliage of the forests was in the full glory of its autumnal hues; and comparatively little of it had fallen to the earth. The frosts seemed to have come upon the trees by surprise, and to have changed each one, just as it stood, into a glory; with all its leafy masses undisturbed, but blazoned by the invisible pencil with dyes more brilliant than the Tyrian. And in the absence of storms of wind or rain, these masses were still left, often in almost perfect integrity—as if to make the hills resplendent with their beauty while the processions of the Summer passed through them to the Equator. There are many of the scenes through which we passed whose image is still as vividly before me as when we saw it.

One of these was that which opened before us eastwardly from the top of the "Warm-Spring Mountain," and which will be at once recalled by any traveller thither. It was the early morning when we reached it—having ridden some twenty miles from the tavern at which we had wooed Morpheus till the summons of the waiter sent us out into the darkness of Three, A.M. The sun was not yet risen upon the valley west of us, but it had been shining for at least a half-hour upon the summit where we stood. The drops of dew on all the grasses and leaves were sparkling under its radiance, like myriads of diamonds; some pheasants that we had started from the road-side while walking up, seemed to have loosened as they whirred away the subtle and delicate fragrance pent up in the folds of the slumberous leaves, and the air was filled with that fine aroma unknown in any place except the forest; the little birds were singing as merrily as if each sun-ray that quivered into their nests had brought upon its point a friendly fairy;—and altogether the surroundings of the point at which we stood were as beautiful as can well be pictured or conceived.

But the grand view in front—in the direction of the sun-rise, and northwardly from that! It was one which he who has seen it will scarcely let slip from the embrace of his thoughts. There stretched before us apparently a vast plain, fleecy and white, reaching as far as eye could see except where it was broken by darker islands, or bounded in the distance by far-off summits. Yet it was not a plain at all, and the eye in a moment recovered from its delusion. It was just the long rough mountainous country which we had been laboriously crossing. But its summits lay so far below the eminence we had reached, that they seemed scarcely more than the natural ridges and slight elevations of any extended landscape. The night-mists, too, had descended into and filled the valleys between them; had in some cases covered indeed the topmost points with their heavy folds. And now these interminable masses and depths of vapor were tossing and tumbling as the beams of the sun played down upon them: were heaving about in their noiseless commotion, like the silent gigantic billows of a spectral sea. And at some points we saw the golden light edging these masses, and encircling them with its halo; and at others the faint but separate prismatic colors became slightly visible, like the shadows of rainbows over the shadowy depths. It was a grand and wonderful sight; and though there is said to be a point higher up the mountain from which the view is more extensive, I am sure that this one, in its peculiar character, as it appeared to us, is unsurpassable. The hour, the season, the presence of the mists spreading before us—so dense and sluggish, stirred by the sun—the brilliant aërial beauty around us on the summit—the very noises of the coach in the clear morning air as it came slowly up the winding road—all conspired to make the scene most enjoyable and memorable. It spreads before me now, as I think back a moment—a measureless sea of mountains shrouded in vapor; surging, tumultuous; struggling to keep the folding masses, which the sun as steadily is lifting unto himself!

Another very beautiful scene, though of a character precisely the opposite of this, presented itself to us on the afternoon of the same day, as we were ascending the Alleghanies themselves, upon the western side of which are the Sulphur Springs. My friend and myself left the coach some mile or two below the summit, and with free lungs and open eyes drank in the beauty and fragrance that were around us. We had been ascending gradually a long time; and were now passing through an open but winding defile, with an easy and steady up-lift, to the top of the range. The woods were in their richest dress. A little brook, crossing and recrossing the road, and by turns over and under and on either side of it, made the woods vocal with its cheerful murmur. That indescribable stillness was in the air which all know is only felt in the country on Saturday afternoon, as the day draws toward the hour of sunset. The sun had already passed the summit which we were nearing; and as we descended into the little valleys and hollows along the road, the air was imperceptibly darkened above us by the interlacing boughs, heavy with leaves, and was filled with a slight and invisible chill. But again as we walked out from the hollow, and ascended briskly the upward reaches, the golden sunshine glinting gaily along the tree-tops and steeping them in its splendor, gave its own warmth and beauty to the view; and reminded us that houses and hamlets upon the western side were still astir with cheerful life. The sense of the fulness and affluence of present beauty, and of the calm reposeful satisfaction of all that within one which delights in its presence, was hardly ever so strong in me—except amid scenes which art has embellished—as during that long and tranquil walk. As we reached the top of the range, and began to descend, the sun went down; and the rapid darkening of the woods around us, as the shadows crept swiftly up along the tree-trunks to their leafy crowns, and the wild camp-fires by the road-side, where the conductors of the huge baggage-wagons that traverse these regions in their small companies had pitched their tents, and grouped together their dogs and horses—served as a fitting back-ground against which to relieve the memory of our walk.

The route from the Sulphur Springs to Fincastle, crossing the Alleghanies and their parallel ranges at a point farther south, is not so fine as that from Staunton to the Springs. But in the morning of the day on which we travelled it, we had a grand specimen—though it must be confessed rather a *wet* one, too—of a storm among the mountains. The furious gusts that swept down through the ravines almost threatened at times to throw the driver from his seat, and even the coach from its equilibrium; and the commotions among the clouds, as the storm alternately pressed them backward and forward, against the hill-sides and against each other, as they came heavily up, or again reluctantly retired—like the marchings and counter-marchings of a vast aërial army—were very grand. It is often dangerous to continue a journey in one of these storms; partly because the little 'runs' of water that cross the road become swollen at once into the force and fulness of mountain torrents; but mainly because the trees by the road-side, especially if any unseen decay has eaten away their strength, are liable to be hurled upon the carriage, without warning and with crushing force. Some stories of such accidents in former years served, I remember, to enliven the gloom of the coach, while, with its ancient curtains buttoned as tightly as their shrunk surfaces would allow over the posts they once had covered, we shivered along that stormy morning. After a few hours, however, the sun again mastered the clouds; and though the roads were very muddy, the brooks high and the air chill, the dampness was taken from our spirits, and it became possible to try again the up-hill walks.

In one of these—or rather after I had passed the brow of the mountain, and still in advance of the coach was beginning to descend on the opposite side—the most singular, and in some respects the most impressive view of all that I saw in the progress of the journey took me quite by surprise. The mountain we were passing was one that stood out, to the distance of a mile or more, from the general range with which it was connected, and presented toward the south a blunt and circular projection, like the exterior surface of a vast cylinder. Around this we were passing; and the winding of the road in its gradual descent brought me at last to a point from which, standing as it were upon the outer edge of the mountain, a little way down, I could look directly into the valley a thousand feet beneath, and off upon a broad extent of country, stretching away to the eastward for perhaps fifteen miles. It was a perfect natural Amphitheatre; the hills on every hand enclosing a valley whose forest floor, from the height at which I stood, looked as level as a beach. These forests were of pine; the dark evergreen foliage spread out before me, like a sea of verdure, of deepest hue. But the moment the forests touched the hill-sides the pines vanished; and the oak, and ash, and chestnut and beech woods stood as before, the Escutcheon of the season; resplendent to their tops with its armorial ensigns. The effect was indescribable, of this vast contrast between the mighty, moaning pine-land beneath,—its waves heaving darkly and sluggishly hither and yon under the pressure of the wind—and the brilliant, variegated, magnificent forests by which it was encircled. They stood as if watching it, in robes and jewelry, and with banners of gold.

As we approached Fincastle, we had the pleasure of winding up a hill some two miles long, in the fast gathering darkness of twilight, and over a road too muddy and rough to be travelled on foot, by a carriage-path that was sometimes two feet, and

to be connected with the above is that Prof. Webster ordered, last week, at Waterman's in Cornhill, a box three feet long, by a foot and a half in width and depth, to be made of stout tin, soldered tight, with the exception of the cover; and to be so made as to be easily soldered on in its proper place. Yesterday afternoon, a pair of pantaloons, marked on one of the pockets with the name of Prof. Webster, was found at the Medical College, spotted with something red, but whether by blood or an acid has not yet been determined. Spots of blood were also traced by Dr. Jackson from the "Lecture Room," through the "Chemical Apartment," down a flight of stairs, into the water closet adjoining Prof. Webster's private room. Dr. Jackson having tested these spots gave it as his opinion that they were made by blood. These are the principal facts made public, bearing upon the guilt of Prof. Webster. They are certainly dark and fearful; but although they excite the worst apprehensions, it is undoubtedly proper to suspend judgment until judicial investigations are had.

In regard to the previous relations of the parties, it appears that Dr. Parkman called upon Dr. Webster on Thursday, the day before his disappearance, but Dr. W. being absent, they did not meet. On Friday at 9 o'clock, Dr. Webster says that he called upon Dr. Parkman and agreed to meet him between one and two o'clock at the Medical College, and that this meeting took place according to agreement. It is also probably true that Dr. Webster was considerably embarrassed in his pecuniary affairs, and that Dr. Parkman had taken measures to secure payment to himself which were calculated to awaken the resentment of Dr. Webster—described, as he is, to be a man of quick temper. If the remains, now discovered, should be identified as those of Dr. Parkman, it will be a melancholy reflection that he met his death in an Institution which owes much to his beneficence. The Medical College in Grove-street was erected upon land given by Dr. Parkman, and valued at $10,000. Fears were entertained on Saturday that a mob would be excited for the purpose of demolishing the college edifice. One of our papers used the most unwarranted language respecting it, and so much apprehension was felt, that by the orders of the mayor, the military held themselves in readiness to act should occasion occur. I will add nothing to the dreadful recital I have given; it has shed a gloom over the whole region; it seems to occupy every mind. ARNOLD.

From Another Correspondent at Boston.

BOSTON, Dec. 3, 1849.

* * * Dr. Parkman was seen entering the Medical College, at the foot of North Grove-street, on Friday, the 23d ult., at 1¼ o'clock P. M., but no one has yet been found who saw him come out, or who has seen him anywhere, since that time. It is known that he went there by request of Prof. Webster to receive the money on two notes secured by a mortgage, and which had been for some time overdue, giving rise to some altercation between them. When his disappearance began to alarm his friends, Prof. W. came forward and stated that he paid him $483 64, and that Dr. P. then left the College to go to Cambridge to cancel the mortgage, though he is now unable to show any receipt for the money. For a week this was all that was known of the matter, although large rewards were offered for the discovery of the body, or for any clue to the mystery; and the police carefully searched the city, and sent messengers wherever in the least degree probable he might have wandered if insane, or been concealed if murdered. The Medical College was the subject of mistrust, and underwent the strictest search, with the exception of Prof. W.'s private apartments, which were left unvisited as above suspicion. Circumstances of a peculiar nature, however, awakened the suspicions of the Janitor. A dense and unusual smoke was seen issuing without intermission from the chimney of Dr. Webster's furnace, and the rooms were kept locked at night, instead of being left open to be set to rights, as heretofore. At length, on last Friday afternoon, the Janitor descended through a trap in the floor of an adjoining apartment, so as to get access to the stone foundation which supported the wall of the Professor's private laboratory, and enclosed a vault under it, to which there was no entrance except through a similar trap in the floor of that room. Upon knocking a hole through the wall, he was horror-struck at finding directly under that trap the mutilated fragments of a human body—the pelvis, right thigh and right leg. Upon breaking into the laboratory above, among the contents of the furnace, whose tell-tale smoke had first aroused their suspicions, were found the calcined fragments of a skull, mineral teeth fused into a lump, half-melted fragments of buttons, and small portions of gold and silver. Upon these developments Prof. Webster was arrested at his house in Cambridge, and lodged in Leverett-street jail. When informed of the charge against him, he became intensely excited, uttering various exclamations about his family, and, it is reported, saying, "The villain! he has ruined me."

Since the arrest, in the bottom of a tea-chest standing in the laboratory, apparently full of minerals, have been found the back, ribs and left thigh of a body corresponding in size with the other fragments, and with the stature of Dr. Parkman. The police have discovered also about the premises a small saw, a pair of trowsers marked with Prof. W.'s name, and a towel, all of which bore stains of blood; a pair of slippers, the bottoms of which were soiled as if used in treading down tan, and a very large clasp knife. Stains of blood were found also upon the floor of the apartments, and there was an appearance of a very wide stab on the left side of the trunk. It is stated farther, that the physicians summoned before the coroner's inquest have found fragments of calcined bone, from every missing portion of the body. It does not yet appear that these remains have been certainly identified as those of Dr. Parkman, though there seems to be little or no doubt that they are so.

All these circumstances bear very hard upon the distinguished, yet unfortunate individual who is under arrest. For the sake of our common humanity we most fervently hope he may be able to clear himself from the horrible suspicions these facts have awakened. You may well believe, taking into consideration the position and connections of both the parties, that it has caused intense excitement among our citizens. Some of the daily papers have most unjustly sought to use this opportunity to call into ferocious action the prejudice against *dissecting rooms*, which seems to be always latent among the vulgar—and fears have been entertained for the peace of the city; but the mayor, with praiseworthy promptness, has had a few companies under arms, ready to put down an outbreak at a moment's warning, and this doubtless has prevented any necessity for their use.

Taken altogether, this mournful and shocking occurrence seems to go beyond anything in the dark annals of American crime, and if future developments shall fix the deed where now it threatens to rest, it will furnish a most affecting demonstration of the insufficiency of the highest mental culture, and the strongest social bonds, as a sure defense against temptation to the most awful crimes.

COMPLETION OF THE WATER-WORKS.

We have had a sort of second Cochituate jubilee the past week over the completion of the magnificent reservoir on Beacon Hill, and also of that on Dorchester Hights in South Boston. The water is now let into both. The first covers about an acre, the second nearly three acres. The first is wholly of granite and concrete, containing about 50,000 cubic feet of masonry; the second is dug out of the hill, and paved and lined with granite. About five thousand persons listened to a speech from one of the water commissioners, and an address from the mayor at South Boston on Wednesday, when the ceremonies were held there in honor of the completion of this great work. With the exception of East Boston (which is partially supplied already by a lead pipe across the channel), this giant undertaking is now completed, and all our citizens are daily experiencing its beneficial and healthful effects.

PARDONS REFUSED.

To the honor of old Massachusetts be it said, that she has a Governor who is not afraid to refuse to pardon convicts simply because they *are convicts*. A petition of some hundreds in favor of George Miller the forger, and one of some thousands in behalf of Phillips, who so adroitly maneuvered the officers in the Sandwich gold-mining enterprise, have been presented to the Governor and Council, and rejected, as they ought to be. Let other States go and do likewise.

THE CONGREGATIONALIST.

With a slight change in its proprietorship, placing it on an abundant pecuniary foundation, this journal, we are glad to see, is gaining rapidly in public esteem, and fast adding to its subscription list. Even its enemies concede to it great ability and candor, while its friends rejoice in its success as meeting and satisfying a deep want in our religious community.

ECCLESIASTICAL, ETC.

A new orthodox Congregational Church was formed on the 22d ult., in North Woburn, of forty members, thirty-three of which were from the church in Woburn Center, under the pastoral care of Rev. Jonathan Edwards.

We learn also that a Council has been called to meet at Lawrence on the 12th inst., to form a Second Congregational Church in that rapidly increasing town. MORTON.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

AMERICAN BOARD.

AINTAB.—The intelligence from this favored field continues to be highly interesting. A letter from Rev. B. Schneider mentions two cases of conversion; the congregations are very solemn, several persons are truly under conviction, and the audiences are easily moved to tears by faithful religious appeals; the more plainly and closely preached, the more acceptable to the people.

"I sometimes feel as though we might be on the eve of a great revival. That the Holy Spirit is moving in a silent manner upon many of this people there can be no doubt. There is a wonderful degree of preparation on the part of a vast number to receive the truth, and one after another they are being drawn under its influence. We all have as much to do as our time and strength will allow. Mrs. Schneider finds a wide field of usefulness. The female prayer-meetings are attended by from twenty to forty individuals. We could spend every day and hour in the week in simply visiting in families, where we should be most cordially received. We have now divided the congregation, the males meeting in one place and the females in another, on account of the smallness of our present place of worship; this is only on the Sabbath. How much we need a regular house of worship.

"Mr. Schneider states that a lad, fourteen years of age, who had become convinced of the truth by attending simply one of the meetings of the missionaries, was cruelly beaten by his own father, so that marks of the blows he left on his face; and his relatives threatened to strangle him if he did not return to his church. Still another young man was beaten by his friends for attending the preaching of the missionaries one Sabbath.

"The Vartabed of Arabkir has been spoken of as having embraced Protestantism, and removed to Aintab. He never showed much heart in the matter, however, and our brethren soon learned that the real cause of his leaving the Armenian Church, was a quarrel with his brother ecclesiastics. He has now returned to the bosom of his former church, and will probably be honored by the Patriarch with some rich diocese."

Dr. Smith writes in regard to this station:

"The truth is, the Spirit of God has made this place a *center of light*, and Providence calls upon us to let that light shine; and sad shall we feel if our influence is straitened for want of funds, when God so signally invites us to go up and take possession of the land."

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—Rev. Mr. Clark writes from Honolulu, August 6th, that 200 individuals had been propounded for admission to the church under his care, which would swell the number of communicants to 1800. "A great church," Mr. Clark exclaims, "for one man to watch over." He thinks it will be expedient before long to divide the church, as they are obliged to hold two communions, the existing house of worship, though large, not containing all at once. Mr. Clark's people are probably able to raise the whole amount he has heretofore received, as salary, from the Board.

NATAL, *South Africa*.—Mr. Grant, in a letter dated June 26, makes a most urgent call for a printer:

"Nothing, save the power of God sent down from heaven, is more needed by us at the present moment than an intelligent, industrious missionary printer. We have now a mission of nine men, and are expecting more soon; we have family schools, and are about establishing a seminary; we have a few readers of the Scriptures in their own tongue; we have pupils ready to take up various branches of useful study, and we have a good printing press. But we have no printer, and next to no books. We have several productions nearly or quite ready for the press, but we have nobody to print them; and unless we can get a printer from hands tied, and all our energies crippled; or we must cast lots, and call one of our missionaries to give up his station, learn the printer's art, and take charge of the press. Shall we suffer this paralysis? Shall we make this sacrifice?"

Under date of June 20th, Mr. Bryant says: "There are nine or ten persons of whom we have hope. I have not received any into the church, but if they continue to appear as well as they have done, I probably shall receive some of them in two or three weeks. There are no new cases of interest."

MADRAS.—An interesting communion season was observed on the 13th of September—at the same time with the meeting of the Board in Pittsfield. About fifty individuals, including missionaries and their families and native Christians, united in the service. Messrs. Spaulding and Percival had arrived from Jaffna to prosecute the revision of the Tamil Scriptures. Mr. and Mrs. Hoisington had also arrived on their way to America. He was so feeble as to awaken serious fears that he would not survive to reach this country.

Mr. Winslow gives an account of the desertion of two families from the mission, to join a church under a German missionary who sanctions caste. This baptizing the absurdities and corruptions of caste is esteemed by the American missionaries a great evil. Mr. and Mrs. Cheeny have sailed for America. Thus are the missions weakened in numbers.

BOMBAY.—A Hindoo of distinction is publishing in a native paper a series of articles against the Brahmins; going against caste, and is in favor of emending the shasters, and allowing perfect freedom of conscience. Such a publication evinces the great change which has taken place in the Hindoo mind, and the progress of liberality of sentiment. What is wanted is Christianity in its power, to prevent the lapse into blank Atheism and indifferency.

PERSIA.—A periodical is about to be commenced by the missionaries at Oroomiah. Mr. Marsh has sailed from Boston to commence a mission at Mosul, under favorable auspices.

"Some sixty men, from the Jacobite and Nestorian churches, meet regularly to confer on matters of a religious nature, and it is hoped several of them are truly converted. The Jacobite bishop, Behnam, wishes the American missionaries to come among his people, and offers to preach himself whatever they desire him. The number of Nestorian proselytes to Papacy near Mosul, or the valley of the Tigris, is estimated by the British consul at 40,000. These are accessible to our missionaries."

The Mauritius papers, of Aug. 8, announce the death of the persecuting queen of Madagascar, who once decreed that her subjects should *forget the name of Jesus Christ*. She has not been able to effect her threat, with all her cruelties, and it is probable that her death will give a new turn to affairs.

"The son who succeeds to the throne is himself a Christian, and it is confidently hoped that the hour of deliverance and enlargement has come for the afflicted people of God in that island. Very providentially, the Rev. J. J. Freeman, Home Secretary of the London Missionary Society, is now on a visit to that part of the world, as the Society's representative."

SAMUEL D. SCUDDER.—This interesting young man was a son of Rev. Dr. Scudder, the veteran missionary of the American Board in Ceylon. Like his older brothers, he was devoted to the missionary work, and was in the theological seminary of the Reformed Dutch Church, at New Brunswick, N. J., preparing to join his father and brothers in the field. He was cut down suddenly, on the 15th of November. The *Journal of Missions* says—

"He was a scholar of the first rank; and what is more, a devoted servant of Christ, earnestly desiring to spend his life for the good of his fellow men. To know him was to love him; and his sudden removal is a deep affliction to all his fellow students, but more especially to his brother who is a member of the same Seminary. His parents and their children, some in this country and some in India, have many hearts to sympathize with them in this sore trial, which we trust the Lord will cause to work for their good."

THE PORTUGUESE EXILES.—The two companies of these exiles who have gone to the West have arrived at their destined home at Jacksonville and Springfield, Ill. They met a most cordial reception from the citizens, and will be comfortably located in their new homes.

About fifty of the Portuguese have been detained on account of the infirmities of age, and others have been detained by the sickness of some member of their families. Among these are some mechanics who are mostly employed, two men unemployed who are farmers, and wish to work as day laborers, and ten or twelve seamstresses who desire constant employment. Any who may wish to employ these exiles, can inquire at the office of the American and Foreign Christian Union, or can see them all at 220 Cherry-street.

MISSIONARY RESULTS.—A missionary of the American Sunday-school Union in Ohio writes as follows to a Sunday-school on Long Island:

"Your donation to the Union to supply a destitute Sunday-school in the West with a library has been appropriated to a new school in Boone Co., Ind. The school has an average attendance of 35 scholars and 6 teachers. The regularity of the scholars is growing, and the library contributes very much in securing this desired object. Scholars walk miles through wet and cold; to get a new book is a great object, and many sacrifices are made to obtain it.

"By missionary labor the people of this neighborhood were interested, for the first time, in Sunday-school instruction, if not in the religious training of their children; for until this time the work was generally neglected. If the youth happened to read the Bible, hear a sermon, or otherwise receive religious instruction, well; if not, they were neglected. This apathy and criminal neglect is now removed; the people are, in some degree at least, aroused and committed to the cause of religiously educating the youth.

"The children and adults are all delighted with the Sunday-school books, and much gratified that kind friends at such a distance, and strangers to them, should be so interested in their welfare as to send them such a valuable donation as a good library. I know that your labor of love is truly appreciated, and will by the divine blessing result in great and lasting good."

ZEAL OF THE ST. LOUIS CHURCHES.—The *Christian Observer* has a letter from St. Louis, stating that the 3d Presbyterian Church have just raised over $7,000, to pay off their church-debt; Rev. Mr. Townsend's congregation have $8,000 already subscribed for their new edifice, Dr. Bullard's church aiding their efforts to the amount of $2,000, or more—and all this immediately after the unexampled calamities of fire, pestilence, &c., of the past summer. The *Observer* remarks:—

"This, by the way, is not the beginning of enlarged liberality in that city. During the year 1848, the Rev. Dr. Bullard's congregation raised *eight thousand and seven hundred dollars* for benevolent objects, including the funds raised to pay off their church-debt. These efforts of 1848, instead of lessening, we presume, have *increased* the resources for hallowed enterprise in 1849—and their benign influences will no doubt be perpetuated in many hearts for years to come, illustrating the divine economy which makes it more blessed to give than to receive."

ADVENTISM.—From a lecture published in the *Advent Herald*, by Rev. J. B. Werthen, we take the following historical data of the rise of American Adventism, sometimes called Millerism.

The lecturer places Edward King at the head of the list of English writers who have concurred in warning the world of the speedy approach of the Second Advent. The English Adventist writers are chiefly connected with the Established Church. He names William Thorp, W. Anderson, W. Cunninghame, Keith, Habershon, J. W. Brooks, H. McNeile, Bickersteth, Edward Irving, Croly, Woodhouse, Brock, and D. B. Elliott.—In this country, the first laborer in the cause was William Miller, who discovered his principles in 1818, but did not commence their promulgation till 1831, when he wrote a series of articles in the *Vermont Telegraph*. In 1832, he sent forth a synopsis of his views in a pamphlet, and soon after, in obedience to conscientious convictions of duty, he commenced public lecturing about the country. In 1836, a volume of his lectures was published, and widely circulated. Early in 1838, a copy of these lectures fell into the hands of Rev. J. Litch, a minister of the M. E. Church, who soon after published at Lowell a pamphlet, entitled "The Midnight Cry," proclaiming "the second coming of Christ about A. D. 1843." He also commenced preaching the same doctrine. He also published other works. In 1839, Mr. Miller visited Massachusetts, and lectured at Lowell and other principal towns. At Exeter he became acquainted with Rev. J. V. Himes, of the Christian Connection, Boston, a receiver of the doctrine, and on his invitation came to Boston, where so much interest was awakened that Marlborough Chapel was hired for his lectures. Here he published a revised edition of his lectures, of which Mussey sold 5000 copies, and then the publication was undertaken by Mr. Himes. Mr. Himes commenced the publication of a newspaper, March 20, 1840, called *Signs of the Times*, issuing semi-monthly, and circulating all over the country. Rev. Charles Fitch, pastor of the church worshiping in Marlborough Chapel, now devoted himself to the work of lecturing. In October, 1840, the first General Conference of Second Advent believers was held in Chardon-street Chapel, Boston. During the winter of 1841–2, conferences were numerous throughout New England; and in the spring of 1842 the standard was raised in the city of New York, by a series of meetings in Apollo Hall, Broadway, held by Messrs. Miller and Himes. During the summer of that year, camp meetings were held in various places; and finally a large tent was procured, capable of holding 4000 persons, in which meetings were held at Concord, Albany, Springfield, Salem, Newark, &c. Public excitement greatly increased, and multitudes of laborers now entered the field. During this season Mr. Fitch extended his circuit into Ohio, and contributed to spread the doctrine in the West.

[The lecture stops here. There are few in New England who do not remember the scenes and deeds and sorrows of the succeeding winter, and the famous year 1843; and the re-action. It is amazing that sane men can now look back with composure upon the course of measures by which they themselves misled such multitudes of their fellow men into so sad delusions, and left them in so dismal a ruin. Yet God will bring great good out of that calamitous business, if in consequence of it wise and devout men shall be led with fresh zeal to the cultivation of a knowledge of the prophecies, which were written aforetime for our comfort and the edification of the Church, but which are doubtless quite too much neglected at the present time.

NEW YORK, 21st Nov., 1849.

To the Rev. Wm. Berrian, D.D., president of the standing committee of the diocese of New York.

Rev. and Dear Sir:—You may conceive that it is with no ordinary emotion that I feel myself constrained to declare to you, as president of the standing committee of the diocese of New York, that it is my intention no longer to exercise the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, it having become my deep and conscientious conviction that duty to God requires of me to unite myself to the one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church in communion with the see of Rome, to which alone I feel that my allegiance is due.

With great personal consideration,

I remain, Rev'd and dear Sir,
Your obedient servant,
JOHN MURRAY FORBES.

THE ACADIAN FRENCH.—Rev. Obed Chute, a Baptist minister, of Nova Scotia, himself of Acadian descent, is engaged in an itinerant mission among these scattered and long-neglected people, in which he thinks there are many grounds of hope. He is particularly anxious that they should always be treated tenderly and respectfully, with reference to their bigoted prejudices as Romanists.

DIVINITY STUDENTS.—At a public soiree on occasion of the Twelfth Anniversary of the Dalkeith Total Abstinence Society, the addresses were delivered solely by students of divinity, of the United Presbyterian Church, seven of whom were on the platform; and the soiree was intended as a mark of respect and gratitude to these gentlemen, for a series of weekly lectures delivered here in support of total abstinence.

THE SABBATH PRIZE ESSAY MOVEMENT.—The writers of the prize essays resident in and around Glasgow have given a brilliant soiree in honor of John Henderson, Esq., the giver of the £500 prize. About 500 persons were present. William Campbell, Esq., presided; prayer by Rev. Dr. Hill; addresses by the chairman, Dr. King, and others, all dwelling much on the claims of the working classes.

MALTA PROTESTANT COLLEGE.—The *Malta Times* says that the pupils have resumed their studies, and from their increasing numbers there can be no thought of abandoning the enterprise.

Rev. Thomas Seales, of Leeds, has been chosen Chaplain of the Northern Congregational School, at Silcoates, near Wakefield, and is about to leave his congregation to occupy this situation. He has been long and honorably distinguished for his efficient zeal and peculiar skill in conducting the business of public meetings and conventions for benevolent objects.

Rev. John Blackburn, of Claremont Chapel, Pentonville, has been obliged to make application under the Insolvent Act, for a discharge from debts amounting to upwards of £8000, incurred for the advancement of his two sons in life. The judge, in granting the discharge, exonerated Mr. B. from all suspicion of intentional dishonesty, but severely censured his lack of discretion.

Rev. Edward Spring, of the Established Church, has commenced preaching in the Irish tongue, on Cape Clear, in a neat and substantial stone edifice erected for the purpose.

REVIVALS.

WASHINGTON CITY.—Rev. Gustavus Brown, pastor of the First Colored Baptist Church in Washington, writes to the *Christian Chronicle*, Nov. 23:

"This church was very much blessed from 1842 to 1845. From that time until this fall they have labored under many difficulties, but now they have to record the special kindness of their heavenly Father. The last Sabbath in October a few of the dear brethren seemed to feel it was high time to awake out of sleep, and they concluded to set apart a time for fasting, humiliation and prayer. The meeting commenced on Friday before the first Lord's day in November, when the blessed Spirit was present to help the infirmities of his people and to reprove sinners. Christians were made to rejoice, while backsliders were reclaimed and sinners converted to the knowledge and acknowledgment of the truth. At the time when the pastor was ready to fail with fatigue, Elder Daniel Scott providentially came along and stopped with us some twelve days. In the congregation there is an interesting work of grace going on."

SANBORNTON, N. H.—The *Congregational Journal* informs one of our exchange papers, that an interesting revival is in progress in Rev. Mr. Bodwell's society; general seriousness prevails, and ten or twelve persons have expressed a Christian hope.

TOWNSEND, MASS.—We learn from *Zion's Herald* that there has been a work of grace for two months past, in connection with the labors of the Methodists.

"As a result of our feeble efforts, we have formed two small societies in that town, consisting of between forty and fifty members—one in the Center, and the other at Townsend Harbor. Three young men responded to my call in the *Herald* for help, one of whom is now laboring successfully, in connection with me, preaching alternately on Sabbaths, in Townsend and Lunenburg."

TORRINGTON, CT.—The *Christian Secretary* says:

"We learn that the Congregational church and society are being favored with a powerful revival of religious feeling and interest, and that already it has resulted in the hopeful conversion of a goodly number of youth.

LEXINGTON CHURCH, VA.—Rev. J. N. Brown, in a note to the *Western Watchman*, speaks of holding a meeting of unusual interest, where 17 were converted, and 10 were baptized. He adds, that this makes 54 who have been added to that little church during his ministry of four years.

WALES.—The English correspondent of the *Advocate & Journal* presents some very interesting news respecting a remarkable revival which has been in progress at Redruth, Camborne, &c. The revival seems to have left its impression on almost every aspect of the community of that mining region. Of the frequency of such seasons the writer says:

"Your readers are familiar with the name of George Smith, author of the Religion of Ancient Britain, the Patriarchal Age, and other works of note. He is a man of good property, living in a noble mansion which overlooks the town of Camborne, and a wide sweep of the mining district. Camborne is within three or four miles of Redruth. The parish of Camborne has a population of some 10,000; of the adults one-third have been, for some years past, members of the Methodist Society, and of the children, one-half in Methodist Sunday-schools. The state of morality is high, committals for crime being very rare. Mr. Smith himself has, in reply to my question, 'May you have three in a year?' said, 'Well, yes, I am not sure, perhaps we may have three.' Now this is in a population wholly composed of miners, who a century ago were in the worst state of European barbarism. I do not know that in any other parish the proportion of members in the church, to the population, is so large as in Camborne. Perhaps it may be in St. Just."

COLLEGE RECORD.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, N. Y.—The inauguration of President King took place on Wednesday evening, Nov. 28, in the chapel of the college, which was densely crowded. Rev. Dr. Haight read prayers Gen. Laight, on behalf the trustees, placed the official cap upon the head of the new President, announcing his election and induction into office. Prof. M'Vickar delivered a congratulatory address for the faculty and students, which was followed by the inaugural oration of the President. The college is in good condition, having 130 students, and a library of 15,000 volumes.

EPISCOPAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—Professor Ogilvie has a year's leave of absence, to travel on the continent of Europe. The *Southern Churchman* thinks the granting such a favor very opportune, at the moment of Dr. Forbes' apostasy and in the existing condition of the affairs of the diocese. It seems the falling off in the number of theological students is as remarkable among Episcopalians as others. The *Banner of the Cross* says:

"In the Southern Episcopal Theological Seminary, a few years since, there were *forty* students, while its present number is only *twenty-five*; and in the General Theological Seminary at New York, where the highest number was *ninety* in 1836, and last year *sixty-two*, the present number is *fifty*."

BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARIES.—A writer in the *Southern Baptist* details the condition of the four Baptist Theological Seminaries in the South and South-west:

"The sum of $300,000 is invested in the means of theological education, and that the proceeds of this fund, which ought to support 150 students, are now supporting 30, at an average cost of $600 each. Covington, with an endowment of $160,000, yielding $9,600, has one professor and one pupil. Mercer, with $50,000 for theological purposes, yielding $3,000, has two professors and five students. Furman has three professors, and Howard has one. We have seven professors, 'all burning and shining lights,' employed, and *thirty students* prosecuting their course! Do not these facts prove that our candidates for the ministry are not duly impressed with the importance of theological education?"

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, N. C.—Good pledges have been made to meet the entire debt of this institution. There are about 75 students in attendance, and a good spirit of scholarship and piety prevails among them. About 20 are preparing for the work of the ministry. The *Southern Baptist* says:

"Very few institutions have, at so early a date in their history, enjoyed so many revivals. During the latter part of the summer, there was a very gracious work among the students. Nor has it entirely subsided. On the Sabbath we spent there, we witnessed the baptism of thirteen persons in the pool near the college grove, six of whom were students. It was indeed an occasion of great interest."

INSTALLED.—At Lebanon, N. H., Nov. 21st, as pastor of the Congregational Church, Rev. Charles A. Downs. Introductory prayer by Prof. Haddock; sermon by Rev. John Richards; charge by Rev. N. Bouton, of Concord; installing prayer by Rev. Jacob Scales; right hand of fellowship by Rev. Josiah Merrill.

Nov. 25. Rev. Henry G. Livingston, as pastor of the Third Reformed Dutch Church in Philadelphia. Rev. John Ludlow, D.D., presided. Sermon by Rev. Dr. Bethune, late pastor.

Nov. 17. Rev. W. J. R. Taylor, pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church in Schenectady. Sermon by Rev. Henry A. Raymond; Rev. Dr. Taylor, of Bergen, who was appointed to this service, being prevented by sickness. The charge to the pastor was delivered by Rev. Mr. Davis, and that to the people by Rev. John Nott.

Nov. 14. Rev. A. A. Willetts, pastor of the First Reformed Dutch Church in Philadelphia. Rev. John Ludlow, D.D., presided, and preached the sermon.

Mr. William Aikman, a licentiate of the Fourth Presbytery of New York, and late of the Union Theological Seminary, has received and accepted a unanimous call from the Sixth Presbyterian Church of Newark, N. J.

FOREIGN.

The mail steamer *Canada* arrived at Halifax on Wednesday morning, but did not reach New York until two o'clock on Saturday morning.

The news was not of great importance. Cotton was up another eighth, and Sea Island one-third to a half. In breadstuffs and provisions no material change.

The most gratifying feature in the week's news is the interview between the President of France and Mr. Rives, the new American Minister, at *Elysee National*.

The widow of Louis Batthyany passed through Vienna lately, on her way to Switzerland, from which country she embarks in the spring for America.

The Hungarian hussars (150 in number), who fled to England, and were sent thence to Turkey, were not permitted to land at Constantinople. As they had not got military passes, and were in uniform, they were looked upon as deserters.

One of the officers of the Comorn garrison has been lately executed at Schemnitz, in direct violation of the terms of Gen. Klapka's capitulation.

The British steam sloop-of-war Hecate sailed from Portsmouth Nov. 16th, with Sir H. Bulwer and suite on board, bound for the Chesapeake, *via* Madeira and Bermuda.

The *Christian Times*, published in London, by the friends of the Evangelical Alliance, says with regard to the prospects of general peace:

"Our right to a pathway from ocean to ocean through the Isthmus of Panama, may be unjustly disputed and denied to us by the United States; or we may have to command that essentially important pass by the thunder of British cannon."

Whew! We "guess" the independent State of Nicaragua will allow those who are ready to build the canal across the isthmus, to go on and do the work, instead of keeping it for those who have no thought nor object in doing it. Great Britian will of course have the use of the canal on the same terms as others—paying the regular toll. Keep cool, brother. The same paper says, two pages farther on:

"By a course of reckless misgovernment in her dependencies, Great Britain has, at the present moment, the singular mortification of seeing nearly all her colonial possessions in a state of disaffection."

The report is again afloat, that Moore, the poet, like Swift and Southey, has sunk into a state of mental imbecility truly pitiable.

The Limerick Institute, of which Smith O'Brien is a vice-president, held their public dinner, the Bishop of Limerick, Lord Monteagh, and many other conservatives being present. The mention of O'Brien's name excited bursts of applause.

JEWISH PRAYER.—Rev. Dr. Adler, chief rabbi of Great Britain, issued a form of thanksgiving for the cessation of the cholera, to be used in all the British synagogues at the thanksgiving.

The Right Hon. James Grattan has *not* resolved upon the sale of his Irish property, with the intention of leaving his native country for ever and settling in Old Virginia.—*Times*.

DR. ACHILLI.—M. de Corcelles has made a long report to his government on the subject of Dr. Achilli, who still remains in the castle of St. Angelo, explaining the grounds on which the arrest has been made, and the reasons why he could not demand that gentleman's release.—*Times*.

A member of Parliament, alluding to the fact that Lord John Russell married two widows, called the diminutive Premier "the widow's mite that was cast into the treasury."

VANS IN RAIL.—In consequence of the slow rate of traveling in the mid-day train from Cork and Limerick to Dublin, it is proposed to run vans between these towns and the metropolis.—*Lim. Chron.*

FREE KIRK DISCIPLINE.—The *Aberdeen Journal* informs us, that on Sunday week two repentant sinners, a man and a woman, stood in sackcloth, on the cutty stool, in the Free Church, Lybster.

MEETINGS FOR WELLS BROWN.—The awakened interest which is felt in this country on the subject of American slavery is evidenced by the number of invitations which Mr. Brown is in daily receipt of from all parts of the country.—*Noncon.*

Mr. John Brooks, the well known Manchester merchant and manufacturer, and one of the most energetic members of the Council of the Anti-corn-law League, died on Saturday week, aged 63. His princely liberality in all good undertakings is matter of almost national notoriety.

M. Francis Pulszky, late Envoy to the Hungarian government under Kossuth, is now, with Mrs. Pulszky, on a visit to the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne, at their seat, Bowood Park, Wilts.

The Earl of Aldborough, chiefly known in connection with the advertisements of Holloway's pills, died recently at Leghorn, where he has been residing for many years past.

At the late Coventry quarter sessions, the Rev. R. Chapman, the jail chaplain who tortured Mary Bell, the murderess, was dismissed—a decree which he had anticipated by resignation.

A watchmaker in Liverpool has succeeded in drilling a hole through a sixpence edgeways. The diameter of the hole in the coin is the four-thousandth part of an inch in size, and barely sufficient to admit a fine hair.

A circular has been sent to all the publishers in Vienna, prohibiting the publication of any book without having first submitted the manuscript to the inspection of the military government.

Messrs. Chambers have informed us of a working man who contrived to save, between the ages of 21 and 40, £500, notwithstanding he had a wife and family, by acting on the simple rule of spending only two-thirds of his income, whatever it might be.

LETTER FROM CHARLES DICKENS.

To the Editor of the Times.

SIR:—I was a witness of the execution at Horsemonger-lane this morning. I went there with the intention of observing the crowd gathered to behold it, and I had excellent opportunities of doing so, at intervals, all through the night, and continuously from daybreak until after the spectacle was over.

I do not address you on the subject with any intention of discussing the abstract question of capital punishment, or any of the arguments of its opponents or advocates. I simply wish to turn this dreadful experience to some account for the general good, by taking the readers and most public means of asserting to an intimation given by Sir G. Grey in the last session of Parliament, that the government might be induced to give its support to a measure making the infliction of capital punishment a private solemnity within the prison walls (with such guarantees for the last sentence of the law being inexorably and surely administered as should be satisfactory to the public at large), and of most earnestly beseeching Sir G. Grey, as a solemn duty which he owes to society, and a responsibility which he cannot for ever put away, to originate such a legislative change himself.

I believe that a sight so inconceivably awful as the wickedness and levity of the immense crowd collected at that execution this morning could be imagined by no man, and could be presented in no heathen land under the sun. The horrors of the gibbet and of the crime that darkened to it, faded in my mind before the atrocious bearing, looks and language of the assembled spectators. When I came upon the scene at midnight, the shrillness of the cries and howls that were raised from time to time, denoting that they came from a concourse of boys and girls already assembled in the best places, made my blood run cold. As the night went on, screeching, and laughing, and yelling by strong chorus (I use the words on negro melody with substitutions of "Mrs. Manning" for "Susannah," and the like, were added to these. When the day dawned, thieves, low prostitutes, ruffians and vagabonds of every kind, flocked on to the ground, with every variety of offensive and foul behavior. Fightings, faintings, whistlings, imitations of Punch, brutal jokes, tumultuous demonstrations of indecent delight when swooning women were dragged out of the crowd by the police with their dresses disordered, gave a new zest to the general entertainment. When the sun rose brightly—as it did—it gilded thousands upon thousands of upturned faces, so inexpressibly odious in their brutal mirth or callousness that a man had cause to feel ashamed of the shape he wore, and to shrink from himself, as fashioned in the image of the devil. When the two miserable creatures who attracted all this ghastly sight about them were turned quivering into the air, there was to me something, no more remembered or thought that two immortal souls had gone to judgment, no more restraint in any of the previous obscenities, than if the name of Christ had never been heard in this world, and there were no belief among men but that they perished like the beasts.

I have seen, habitually, some of the worst sources of general contamination and corruption in this country, and I think that there are not many places of London that could surprise me. I am solemnly convinced that nothing that ingenuity could devise to be done in this city, in the same compass of time, could work such ruin as one public execution, and I stand astounded and appalled by the wickedness it exhibits. I do not believe that any community can prosper where such a scene of horror and demoralization as was enacted this morning outside Horsemonger-lane jail is presented at the very doors of good citizens, and is passed by, unknown or forgotten. And when, in our prayers and thanksgivings for the season we are humbly expressing before God our desire to remove the moral evils of the land, I would ask your readers to consider whether it is not a time to think of this one, and to root it out.

I am, sir, your faithful servant,
CHARLES DICKENS.

Devonshire-terrace, Tuesday, Nov. 13.

CONGRESS.

The thirty-first Congress convened at Washington, pursuant to the Constitution, on Monday.

At 12 o'clock, a quorum of each House were in attendance.

The Chaplain of the Senate, Rev. Mr. Slicer, offered the opening prayer in that body. The clerk, Asbury Dickens, Esq., called the roll, and forty-one Senators answered to their names. The credentials of Messrs. Clay, of Kentucky, and Shields, of Illinois, were presented, and those gentlemen took the qualifying oaths, and took their seats. A message was sent to the House, informing them that the Senate was ready to proceed to business, and then the Senate adjourned.

In the House, according to the rules, T. J. Campbell, Esq., Clerk of the last House, called the roll of members, and 222 answered to their names.

The absentees were Messrs. Allston, of Alabama; Ness, of Pennsylvania; Shepherd, of North Carolina; Gentry, of Tennessee, and T. B. King, of Georgia—five whigs. David Hubbard, of Alabama, and A. G. Brown, of Mississippi, two democrats, for the regular candidate; and George W. Julian, of Indiana, free soil democrat, for Wilmot.

On motion of Linn Boyd, the clerk then called the roll for a *viva voce* vote for Speaker. The following was the result:—

Cobb,	*Winthrop*,	*Wilmot*,	*Gentry*,
103.	96.	8.	6.

Horace Mann had two votes, and Messrs. Disney, of Ohio, Orr, of South Carolina, James Thompson, of Pennsylvania, Gov. Cleveland, of Connecticut, Root, of Ohio, and Seddon, of Virginia, each one vote. There were 221 votes given, of which Mr. Cobb had eight less than a majority, and seven votes over Mr. Winthrop, the next highest candidate.

Wilmot received his votes from Messrs. Allen, Booth, Durkee, House, of Pa., Giddings, Preston King, Joseph M. Root, and Amos Tuck. The supporters of Gentry were Messrs. Stephens, Toombs, Owen, of Ga., Hilliard, Cabell, and Morton, of Va., six who bolted from the Whig caucus on Saturday night, on the pro-slavery resolutions. Messrs. Campbell and Hunter, of Ohio

Editors' Cable.

POETICAL SKETCHES OF THE MESSIAH. By Rev. Samuel F. Porter, of Kingwood, N. J. New York: Published by M. W. Dodd. 1849.

There is enough machinery about this little poem to have constructed the grandest epic ever composed from the Iliad to the Paradise Lost. It reminds one of those miniature Gothic churches sometimes seen in country villages, built of pine, clapboarded, painted, and sanded, and bedizened with turrets and crosses—not without taste and beauty of finish, but ludicrous by association as an imitation of the grand. The first sketch is entitled "Hai Pūlai Hadou; or, The Gates of Hell." It opens with a description of Hell's Portal, followed by a "Consultation" in which Satan, Hermes, Alexander, and Balaam take part. In all this the author copies Milton in about the same proportion and with about the same effect as the carved and painted pine box aforesaid copies the massive cathedral of stone. The only item added to the furniture of the infernal palace since Milton's day is a *library*, which is thus described:

"And there, again, the classic lore of hell,
In order set, rank over rank aloft,—
On magic arts and alchemy;
On necromantic charms and oracles;
Witchcraft and fortune-telling; formulæ
Of dreams and signs foreboding good or ill;
And theories diverse of government
Tyrannical, where many serve that one
May rule. Full many a volume huge stood there,
Concocted fruit of long and painful toil,
And deep research, of god-like minds debased.
Far-seeing cunning, wit, and skill were taxed
To weave the web of sophistry, turn light
To darkness, and make good seem ill, and ill
The best appear. These, conn'd the weaker fiends,
To learn how more to work out human woe.
Thus high angelic natures were debased to lie,
To drivel in deception, crawl in filth,
Through all the mazes of their serpent way.

"But most they joyed in polished romances,—
Vice sugared o'er for taste fastidious.
Thus plot complete, denouement, character,
Drawn to the life, in endless tomes, were set
In their compartments:—base infusions, shot
Like inspiration thro' famed authors' brains,
While they as prophets teach the multitude."

The occasion of this general consultation in hell is the birth of Christ, and it results in a determination on the part of the infernal legions under the lead of the arch-enemy, to take again "the broad and beaten bridge—the way to earth," in order to frustrate the design of God in the incarnation.

But this movement is perceived from heaven, and gives rise to counter-preparations there, in which Michael, Raphael, and Uriel are of course conspicuous as champions and speech-makers. The angelic hosts are summoned "By signal from the sharp-horned moon" (!)—where Raphael, always on the look-out for Satan's maneuvers,

"Put to his lips the silver horn,
And blew a blast, which, heavenward borne,
Conveyed the tidings to the ear
Of angels, that the foe was near."

Raphael then communicates what he has discovered, summing up his account of this movement of the forces of hell with the rather prosaic remark that—

"They seek all means to circumvent
The end for which Messiah went."

Succeeding scenes introduce to us "The Mount of Beatitudes," Bethany, and Calvary, around each of which the conflict is waging between good and evil spirits,—always ending in the discomfiture of the latter. The whole concludes with the triumphant return of Messiah to heaven,—amid the angelic chorus,

"Mighty Jesus, King of glory,
Welcome, welcome to thy throne.
Shout, ye angels, tell the story,
Sing of Him, who, faint and gory,
Crushed the power of hell alone.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Welcome to thine ancient throne."

Far be it from us to cast ridicule upon this effort of the sacred muse. Our criticism relates to a single point—the excessive use of machinery,—so disproportionate to the effect produced as to leave only the impression of a labored imitation of the sublime, not of the sublime itself. The author has a true poetic genius, but he has failed to give it the best direction. The book contains many passages of uncommon beauty, and will be prized by the Christian for its devotional spirit and its lovely and glowing pictures of Christ and of heaven. We give the following as specimens of its poetic merit:

TABOR.

"O'er eastern climes the orb of day
Rolls gently up the ancient steep,
And gilds Judea's hills, which lay,
Like giant sentinels, asleep.
Forth walks the shepherd with his flock,
The husbandman turns up the soil,
The fisher spreads upon the rock
His net, and leaves his nightly toil;
While Juda's flat-roofed cities break
Night's stillness, and the echoes wake.

"Now multitudes on Tabor's brow
Crowd to the spot where Jesus sits:
The twelve, as learners, near him bow,
While overhead the spring bird flits;
Beneath the oaks grave elders stand;
With them the babes and matrons seek
The covert shade; and o'er the land
The Levant sea-breeze fans the weak.
Afar, proud Lebanon is seen,
And Carmel clad in fairest green."

HEAVEN.

"Hail! thou blest home of spirits, hail!
Whose joys ethereal never fail.
Thy brilliant gates and starry towers,
Eternal hills, and beauteous flowers,
Thy sunlit palaces and halls,
Thy marble battlements and walls,
Thy cloudless day's deep azure sky,
Were never seen by mortal eye.
But thrilling gleams are sometimes given,
Which flash far down the road from heaven,
And light the storm-girt pilgrim's way,
Through desert wilds to endless day.
Henceforth with eager eyes he waits
To see, through vista long, thy gates;
And never, till life's closing hour,
Shall the fair vision lose its power.
O! holy land of promised rest,
Thou perfect home of spirits blest!
From thee a voice, an echo still,
Is oftimes heard by men,—a thrill
Of silent music, soft and low,
Such as from spirit songsters flow;
Deep is the joy it whispers peace,
And bids the earthly tumults cease.
To thee they turn the anxious ear,
Again thy melting strains to hear;
And wishing, watching, waiting long,
To meet the full-toned choral song,
They drop the flesh, and with a sigh
Pass thro' the vail and gain the sky."

We hope to hear from the author again in a volume of simple devotional poetry, for which his genius and his heart are alike adapted. This miniature volume is issued in a very neat style, and makes a pleasant pocket companion.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF A TOUR THROUGH A PART OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA; with notices of the History and Institutions of Methodism in America. By James Dixon, D.D. New York: Lane & Scott, 200 Mulberry-street, and 138 Nassau-street. 1849.

Dr. Dixon's tour through the Northern States and through Canada was a rapid and brief one; but he had opportunity to see many of the objects of interest scattered along his way, and to mingle largely with the clergy and laymen of the Methodist Church. He has written these notices of his tour with a good deal of liveliness, and with conspicuous good-nature. Everything in America seems to have pleased him; and the rose-color pervades the whole course of his description. If he had abused us more, his book would probably have been read more widely.

HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1848. By A. De Lamartine. Translated by F. A. Durivage and W. S. Chase. First American Edition. In two volumes (bound in one). Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co., 111 Washington-st. 1849.

We have in this volume the aspect of the late Revolution in France as it presented itself to the eye of that high-hearted and poetical Statesman who was pressed by it at first to the head of the government. The history is necessarily more an Auto-biography (for the period embraced) than a systematic and comprehensive History. But it contains views, thoughts, and records of fact, which will be of signal advantage to the future historian of this successful reaction against Louis Phillippe: and it is written with the brilliancy of style, and the occasional vividness and reach of thought characteristic of Lamartine—which make it a singularly fascinating volume.

CAPRICES. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers, 285 Broadway. 1849.

This delicate volume of anonymous poetry comes to us from the Messrs. Carter, in a style of typographical and mechanical execution to which their presses have hardly been accustomed; with a sumptuousness of paper, and a nicety of print such as used to be characteristic of only the noted Boston presses. In these days of prefaces and advertisements, it is rather amazing to have so dapper a duodecimo walking into one's circle without the slightest introduction, save the Publishers' imprint; and to be accosted abruptly—as its first word—with "Life is Earnest." We confess a disposition to stand upon our dignity, with one who so disdains the etiquette of Literature.

If we must speak our judgment of this so delicate book, it is that a scholar has written it, and a reader of the Germans; who has some faculty at versifying, and a more valuable faculty of *thinking with his feelings*; but who has often imposed upon himself by the sound of his words, and has become meaningless when he would have been only vague and reserved, and so impressive. We subjoin three of the pieces, as specimens for the poet-tasters. One can hardly read the closing one without thoughts of the recent and terrible tragedy that has so shocked men at the East.

ABEL.

In a thicket, by the hill-side
Where his own rude altar stood,
With the furrow soil upon him,
Doubled up and rolled in blood;

And a leopard, like the watcher
Of that still and solemn place,
On the trampled mosses lying,
Peering in his passive face;

Crouching in his savage wonder,
Crouching low by cheek and limb,
Sightless eyeballs, vague obstruction,—
Fearful presences to him.

In a thicket, by the hill-side,
Crusted with his clotted blood;
Is the silent victim hidden
From the eye of man or God?

Hear the slow majestic accents
Falling on the murderer,
From the folding clouds above him,
From the hushed and breathless air.

See,—he bows his head in anguish,
As the thrilling curse goes on:
Now the heavenly voice is silent,
And the fugitive is gone;

From those pure and happy places,
Outcast, striding forth alone;
Mournful eyes of all the ages
Turning backward to his own.

Striding forth alone, for ever,—
Burning brow, convulsive breath,
And the mark of God upon him,
Strange, mysterious mark of DEATH.

DEATH,—relentless, stern intruder;
Never, in the years before,
Had its chill and pallid presence
Passed within life's iron door.

DEATH,—from out the pregnant future
Rise its tones of fear and pain,
Voices from the graves of Abel,
Echoes of the curse of Cain.

SHADOWS.

Here,—there,—
Everywhere;—
On my pillow,—in the air,—
By my side.
Muse as lightly as I may;
When I watch and when I pray;
At the night-fall and by day
Shadows glide.

Here,—there,—
Everywhere;—
Mellowing the noon-day glare
On the lawn:
Waving, when the leaves are green:
Shivering, when the frost is keen,
And the boughs look sere and lean,
In the dawn.

Here,—there,—
Everywhere;—
Sleeping in the hill-side lair,
Or at play;
Now the image of a cloud
Scudding, when the gust is loud,
And the brawny oak is bowed,
In its way.

Here,—there,—
Everywhere;—
Lengthening, as the minutes wear
Into night;
Creeping backward from the West,
As the day goes down to rest,
And the swallow seeks its nest
In the light.

Here,—there,—
Everywhere;—
Chilling joy and clouding care
In their spring;
Coming without breath or word;
Flitting o'er me all unheard;
Like the wing of some dark bird
Hovering.

Here,—there,—
Everywhere;—
More at times than I can bear,
They are mine;
With an earnest mission sent;
Preaching sorrowful content,—
Good and evil wisely blent,
Line on line.

Here,—there,—
Everywhere;—
O'er my spirit,—in the air,—
On the wall:
Muse as lightly as I may;
In the night and in the day;
When I watch and when I pray,
Shadows fall.

"The Blue Beard chambers of the heart"

Mould upon the ceiling,
Mould upon the floor,
Windows barred and double barred,
Opening nevermore;

Spiders in the corners,
Spiders on the shelves,
Weaving frail and endless webs
Back upon themselves;

Weaving, ever weaving,
Weaving in the gloom,
Till the drooping drapery
Trails about the room.

Waken not the echo,
Nor the bat, that clings
In the curious crevices
Of the panelings.

Waken not the echo,
It will haunt your ear,
Wail and ceiling whispering
Words you would not hear.

Hist! the spectres gather,
Gather in the dark,
Where a breath has brushed away
Dust from off a mark;

Dust of weary winters,
Dust of solemn years,
Dust that deepens in the silence,
As the minute wears.

On the shelf and wainscot,
Window-bars and wall,
Covering infinite devices,
With its stealthy fall.

Hist! the spectres gather,
Break, and group again,
Wreathing, writhing, gibbering,
Round that fearful stain;—

Blood upon the panels,
Blood upon the floor,
Blood, that baffles wear and washing,
Red forevermore.

See,—they pause and listen,
Where the bat that clings,
Stirs within the crevices
Of the panelings.

See,—they pause and listen,
Listen through the air;
How the eager life has struggled,
That was taken there;

See,—they pause and listen,
Listen in the gloom;
For a startled breath is sighing,
Sighing through the room,

Sighing in the corners,
Sighing on the floor,
Sighing through the window-bars,
That open nevermore.

Waken not those whispers;
They will pain your ears;
Waken not the dust that deepens
Through the solemn years,—

Deepens in the silence,
Deepens in the dark;
Covering closer, as it gathers,
Many a fearful mark.

Hist! the spectres gather,
Break, and group again,
Wreathing, writhing, gibbering,
Round that fearful stain:—

Blood upon the panels,
Blood upon the floor,
Blood that baffles wear and washing,
Red forevermore.

EVENINGS AT WOODLAWN. By Mrs. Ellet, author of the "Women of the American Revolution." New York: Baker & Scribner, 145 Nassau-street. 1849.

The title of this volume gives no indication of its character. It is simply a collection of some of the traditions, legends and fairy tales, that have long been current among European nations. The translations are represented as having been given by a distinguished Professor Azèle, recently returned from the tour of Europe, to a family circle at Woodlawn, in the South. But really they are translated by Mrs. Ellet, directly, from the collections of Lyser and others; and are put into the form of Evening Entertainments simply for their more convenient and attractive presentation to those who read them. Some of them are amusing; and some of them contain much of that social and humorous wisdom which often underlies these natural growths from the popular fancy. None of them, so far as we have discovered, are altogether idle or horrible. If that which is rare is of course valuable, the moments we have to spend upon this description of reading are precious beyond computation. But those who have a leisure denied to editors, who withal are ministers too, will find the volume we are confident a pleasant one for themselves, and a pleasant one for their friends.

THE LITTLE SAVAGE. By Captain Marryatt, R. N. New York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff-street. 1849.

A Book which will convince any one who plods through it that the "run" which Marryatt's noyels enjoyed a few years since was owing more to the strangeness of their plots, the broadness and facility of their vulgar allusions, and the vigor of their profanity, than to any skill in the development of character, or any presence of the knowledge which enriches, and the genius which adorns. The present book is decent enough, but as dull and dilute as the *weakest* "dishwater." The only thing which gives it the least liveliness is the utter incredibleness of all its prominent incidents. It has no wit, no humor, no liveliness of fancy, no accuracy of knowledge, no skilful and suggestive delineations of character—no one of the qualities to make such a book either attractive or useful.

We commend it to any who would inspire the young with a disgust for novels. It may do some good in this way, in its brief generation.

A HISTORY OF COLONIZATION ON THE WESTERN COAST OF AFRICA. By Archibald Alexander, D.D., Professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, New Jersey. Second edition. Philadelphia: William S. Martein, 142 Chestnut-street. New York: R. Carter & Brothers, 285 Broadway. 1849.

This history of African Colonization, by one who is so widely known as an earnest and indefatigable admirer of that scheme, was widely noticed at the time of its former appearance; and both its defects and its excellencies fully expounded. We have now therefore only to announce it as having reached a second edition, in this handsome octavo of 660 pages.

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER EXEMPLIFIED. From the papers of M. Magdalen Jasper. By John Newton, Rector of St. Mary, Woolnoth. New York: R. Carter & Brothers, 285 Broadway. 1850.

MEMOIR OF CHARLES HENRY PORTER, a Student in Theology. By E. Goodrich Smith. Published by the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau-st., New York.

FIRST LESSONS IN ARITHMETIC, combining the oral method, with the mode of teaching the combinations of figures by sight. Designed for Beginners. By Charles Davies, LL.D. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1849.

PRACTICAL.

Translated from the "Kirchenfreund" for "The Independent"—by W. H.

Love stands higher than Prayer (according to Ruysbock).—"Even devotion is to be put below a work of love, be it of a spiritual or a temporal kind. For had any one soared in prayer still higher than Peter or Paul, or any one apostle, and should hear that a poor man needed a drink of water, he would be under obligation rather to desist from his devotion and show the service of love to the poor man, than pursue that sweet experience; because God's commandments are higher than the highest spiritual exercises, as is expressed in the following legend: As a pious young woman at Brussels was praying in her closet, the Lord Jesus appeared in the form of a child and sat down by her. Just then she heard a sick man knock at the door, who needed her service and help. She rises, leaves the Lord Jesus sitting, goes to the sick man and ministers to him. When she returns, she finds instead of the little boy the Lord Jesus in the form of a beautiful youth. Wondering, she says: 'O Lord, how art thou become so large in so short a time?' He answers: 'So much have I grown in thy heart on this account, that, leaving me and my comforting experiences, thou hast been serving one of my members.'

"So, then, it is pleasing to God that for his sake we should leave him himself, in order to minister to his members in love, and thus to seek him in a higher form. In this sense, too, the apostle could wish to be cut off from Christ for his brethren's sake—meaning from the happy *feeling* of love, since from love itself he could for no moment and at no price be severed."

For the Independent.

A REVIVAL DESIRABLE. No. 4.

A revival of religion is very desirable on account of the influence which it exerts upon professors of religion. A time of spiritual dearth is a time to try men's souls—a time to discover who is rooted and grounded in the truth, and who is religious only from impulse. The impulsive professor omits in part, or entirely, the morning and evening sacrifice at the domestic altar, and consults his own interest, or pleasure, or ease, on the holy Sabbath, instead of inquiring what the will of the Lord is. And if young, manifests his true character by his fondness for dress and appearance, by jesting and trifling, by disposition to mingle with the worldly in frivolous amusements, or by neglect of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and the week-day prayer meetings of the church. Now, as revivals (as well as judgment), first begin at the house of God, and the Lord sits as a refiner and purifier of silver, there are great searchings of heart among these inconsistent, dying or dead professors. When the Lord comes suddenly to his temple, they can hardly abide the day of his coming, or stand, when he appeareth. Some of them are led to apprehend that the root of religion is not in them—that they were deceived when they thought themselves converted. Sometimes I have had great difficulty in quieting their apprehensions on that subject, and in prevailing on them to *believe* that God would save to the uttermost all (even them) who came to him through Christ. And frequently these convicted professors, after walking in darkness and seeing no light for some time, have trusted in the Lord and stayed themselves upon their God, and have had the joy of God's salvation restored to them; after which they have been stable and useful Christians. A revival, which thus converts useless or hurtful professors into valuable members of the body of Christ, must be greatly desired by all who pray for the peace and prosperity of Zion.

But irregular and unstable professors are not the only professors who are benefitted by a revival. The fields, whose vegetation still retains something of greenness, are as much refreshed and nearly as much beautified by the genial shower, as those which present nothing but the appearance of death. The effect on both classes is great and manifest. While on the one is the appearance of *life from the dead*, on the other is an increase of *freshness* and *beauty*. In times of religious declension almost all the wise, as well as the foolish, indulge themselves in slumber. Though they maintain the forms of religion and live irreproachable lives, yet their Christian graces are but just apparent. They retain something of greenness, but they are not fresh and flourishing, and their religious comforts are few and far between. These Christians have just life enough left to enable them to breathe out the prayer of the prophet, "O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years; in wrath remember mercy," and God, in great mercy, hears their cry, and appears to build up Zion. Among other changes which the revival effects, is the clothing of Christians with the beautiful garments of salvation. After a season of deep penitence for past stupidity and formality, "they enter into rest," they experience that joy which is unspeakable and full of glory; that *peace* which passeth knowledge; that *fervent charity* which embraces all mankind, which suffereth long, *and is kind*, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, *thinketh no evil*, hopeth all things, and *never faileth*. Said a Christian brother in the prayer-meeting a few weeks since, on the evening of our last communion Sabbath, "*I never expected to enjoy so much in one day, this side of heaven, as I have enjoyed to-day*;" and then with a beaming countenance, he invited the unconverted to come and taste and see for themselves how good the Lord is.

A revival awakens the dorment energies of God's people, and leads them to exhibit *life* and *spirit* in all their religious duties. Discords are hushed, and the world is constrained to say, "See how these brethren love one another." It is impossible to compute the amount of good which the friends of Christ derive from a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. The wheat then ripens fast for the harvest. Christians *grow in grace*, at such a time, with amazing rapidity. E. D. K.

For the Independent.

SELFISH PIETY.

In the olden time of sloop navigation on the Hudson, a close-handed countryman was returning to his home from an excursion to the city, accompanied by his sister, a damsel named Consider.

Somewhere in the Highlands they encountered a tremendous storm: the wind blew fearfully, and the passengers were exceedingly alarmed.

Consider maintained a tolerable degree of composure, but her brother's agitation was extreme. He exclaimed: "Ah, if 'Sider and *I* were only ashore, I shouldn't care how hard the wind blowed."

Are there any professing Christians whose benevolence resembles that of Consider's brother?—who are not unwilling that the wretched should be ministered to, if *they* are not called upon? And if they are themselves saved (as they hope to be), what is it to them though whole nations of heathen perish? Happy the church in which this type of piety is unknown. T.

For the Independent.

Spirit and Scope of the American Tract Society.

The founders of the American Tract Society deliberately adopted the principle of depending solely on the benefactions of the churches, for the means of supporting and extending its operations. This principle has been steadily adhered to. By a recent careful and minute investigation of the accounts for twenty-four years, the gratifying fact is revealed, that the treasury, as a whole, is neither essentially richer nor poorer from the manufacture and sale of publications. The contributions of gentlemen in New York, together with loans secured by mortgage—to be liquidated by the proceeds of rents of parts of the premises not now occupied by the Society—have furnished a commodious building; other donations have provided a limited stock of publications; and increasing contributions for colportage, foreign distribution, and other departments, have given expansion to these various enterprises. These facilities for the economical and efficient transaction of the Society's work constitute its only means; and all the departments of aggressive effort are wholly dependent, under God, on charitable support. The drying up of the rills of benevolence that flow into the treasury would arrest the streams that are now fertilizing and gladdening many a barren waste.

The principle of benevolence, which has hitherto guided the energies of the Society, might be abandoned for a principle of gain. But such a perversion would be little else than treason to the King of kings, and would be utterly abhorrent to the Christian feeling and just judgment of the nation and of Christendom. It would close ten thousand channels of access to the erring and the perishing. It would withdraw every colporteur. It would forbid every grant of funds or publications, at home and abroad. The scene of our weekly toils and prayers—to many of us, the place of spiritual communion and precious privilege for nearly a quarter of a century—would cease to attract us to its counsels. "The glory is departed," would be inscribed over the portals of the Tract house.

Our views of the relations and responsibilities of the American Tract Society, based on an intimate knowledge of its spirit and scope, unite it with the crown and the throne of the divine Redeemer, and associate it with the most sacred and useful of the instrumentalities for the conversion of the world to God. It is as an approved and aggressive agency for proclaiming Christ crucified among destitute millions, having capacities for indefinite expansion, and demanding large and benevolent resources, that we have given it our cheerful labors, contributions, and prayers, with a growing conviction of its adaptation to the necessities of the race, and with increasing evidences of the divine favor.

With these convictions, cherished more and more by Christians of every name, we have endeavored to follow providential leadings in a period of remarkable providences, and have assumed responsibilities warranted by no other principle than faith in God. The Society's premises have been enlarged, and fitted with presses and machinery, so that the *daily* product of the labor of 236 printers and binders is not far from 3,500 books, and 30,000 smaller publications; and the supply is still inadequate. Every well-qualified candidate for the colporteur service has been commissioned, until there are now more than *three hundred and fifty colporteurs in the field*—among the German, Irish, French, Spanish, Norwegian, and native population, in nearly every State and Territory, and in Canada, Mexico, and California—exclusive of more than one hundred theological students, who are about closing or have recently closed their labors. Every suitable application for a grant of publications has been met, and 22,712,239 pages have thus been bestowed since April 1. There are now before the Committee numerous and pressing applications for colporteurs for destitute parts of most of the States, Mexico, the Central and South American republics, and the Pacific coast. Europe, too, is sending up its muffled cry, and the pagan world is stretching out its hands for the Gospel.

The Committee have gone to the utmost verge of prudence in their arrangements for meeting these providential claims. They have looked outward on a world lying in wickedness, and upward to Him who gave himself for its redemption, rather than upon the state of the treasury, until the vastness of present responsibilities renders it necessary to inquire whether their plans are not in advance of available benevolent resources. With rigid economy, the expenditures average nearly $1,000 a day; and cannot be lessened without serious abridgment of usefulness. The Treasurer has often been perplexed to meet the current expenses of the day or week, and within a fortnight has been compelled to resort to a temporary loan of $4,000. Other dues have accumulated, until there are $9,327 23 sanctioned by the Committee for payment, with but $1,670 in the treasury. There are besides, $37,657 in notes for printing paper becoming due within the next six months. Yet, with this necessary and providential increase of pecuniary liabilities, the donations to the Society for the first seven months of the year are but $273 84 more than during the same period of 1848, and are less by $2,533 46 than for the same period in 1847. In other words, while the benevolent expenditures of the Society are more than one-third greater than in 1847, the benevolent receipts have been considerably less.

This disproportion has reached a limit that cannot be disregarded. These things are so, not because of any diminution of the benevolent resources of the country; nor because of abated interest in the tract and colporteur enterprises. The stewards of God are blessed with superabundant means; and the rapid expansion of all the departments of the Society's work meets the cordial approval of every patriot and Christian. Why, then, should the work cease?

We would respectfully remind the pastors and churches, that all the Society has and is belongs to Christ and to them; and that their cooperation must determine, under God, the measure of its influence for good. Shall it go forward, or shall it falter in the midst of its usefulness? There are immediate liabilities: shall they be met? The depository is inadequate: shall it be replenished? Incessant grants are demanded: shall they be made? Three hundred and fifty colporteurs are in the field: shall they be sustained? Candidates for the colporteur service are multiplying: shall they be commissioned? Millions of foreign immigrants need the Gospel: shall it be sent to them? Other native-born millions are in darkness: shall they be evangelized? At least $15,000 are required, and that sum has been appropriated to be paid before April 1, for foreign and pagan lands, $6,000 for Europe and Western Asia, and $9,000 for the heathen: shall the amount be raised and remitted? A world is perishing for lack of vision: shall the dying command of our Savior be obeyed?

The Committee would undervalue the benevolence of the churches, if they were to anticipate any other than an affirmative response to these inquiries. The same Providence that has guided the onward movement in the work of evangelization will open and supply the channels that lead into an exhausted treasury. Let each friend and patron remit promptly "as God hath prospered him." Let pastors and churches who have omitted their annual contributions give early attention to these urgent claims. Let the thousands of churches and individuals, unvisited by the Society's agents, and who await the action of the pastor, receive his encouragement, and render their cooperation. It must be apparent that prompt, systematic, and liberal support is indispensable to meet the present exigencies, and secure the permanent usefulness of the institution on which divine Providence has devolved such weighty responsibilities.

JOHN KNOX, JUSTIN EDWARDS, JOHN S. STONE, ERSKINE MASON, DAVID MAGIE, W. R. WILLIAMS, J. C. BLISS, W. FORREST, WM. WINTERTON, J. W. DOMINICK, R. T. HAINES, MOSES ALLEN, T. C. DOREMUS, R. S. FELLOWES, G. N. TITUS, O. E. WOOD, } *Executive Committee.*

WM. A. HALLOCK, O. EASTMAN, R. S. COOK, } *Corresponding Secretaries.*

New York, 150 *Nassau-st., Nov.* 22, 1849.

SELECTIONS.

The Judgment.

The following lines have been sent us by the same unknown friend who a few weeks since supplied our readers with a more perfect copy of the Seventy-second Psalm, instead of the mutilated fragment that had crept into our columns. He says of these that they were copied some ten years since from a periodical, in which their only designation was, "Translated from the German." He intimates a doubt whether their poetical merit is sufficient to entitle them to republication; but we greatly mistake if the very abruptness and brokenness of the stanzas is not found upon reading to be a reason for their impressiveness:

Day of wrath! That dreadful day
Shall the banner'd cross display;
Earth in ashes melt away.

The trembling and the agony!
When His coming shall be nigh,
Who shall all things judge and try!

When the trumpet's thrilling tone,
Through the tombs of ages gone,
Summons all before the throne!

Death and Time shall stand aghast;
And Creation, at the blast,
Rise to answer for the past!

Then the volume shall be spread,
And the writing shall be read
Which shall judge the quick and dead.

Then the Judge shall sit! O, then
All that's hid shall be made plain;
Unrequited nought remain!

What shall wretched I then plead?
Who for me shall intercede
When the righteous scarce is freed?

King of dreadful majesty,
Saving souls in mercy free:
Fount of pity, save Thou me!

Bear me, Lord, in heart, I pray,
Object of thy saving eye,
Lest thou lose me in that day!

O'er my crimes I guilty mourn;
Blush to think what I have done.
Spare thy suppliant, Holy One!

Thou didst set the adultress free,
Heardst the thief upon the tree,
Hope vouchsafing e'en to me.

Nought of Thee my prayers can claim;
Save me in Thy mercy's name—
Save me from the deathless flame!

With Thy sheep my place assign,
Separate from the accursed line!
Set me on Thy right, with Thine!

When the lost to silence driven,
To devouring flies are given,
Call me with the blest to Heaven!

Suppliant, fallen, low I bend;
My bruised heart to ashes rend;
Care thou, Lord, for my last end!

Full of fears the day shall prove
When, from ashes rising, move
To the Judgment guilty men!

Spare, thou, God of mercy, then!
Lord, all-pitying, Jesus blest,
Grant then Thine eternal rest!

(From Hunt's Merchants' Magazine, for December, 1849.)

The Moral and Social Benefits of Cheap Postage.

Cheap Postage is no longer an experiment; its success has justified the anticipations of its promoters, and silenced the cavils of incredulity. The principles on which it rests are no longer theoretical. The arguments and calculations, which seemed so conclusive, when only seen on paper, have now been subjected to a trial-process which must satisfy those over-cautious minds that believe nothing they do not see. "Rowland Hill's System of Postage" is now as distinct a subject of study and of history, as Prof. Morse's System of Electro-Magnetic Telegraphs; and the principles and rules of operation are as necessary to be understood, in order to successful application in practice. Dr. Franklin's system of electricity will afford as much help in one case, as Dr. Franklin's system of postage in the other.

It is Rowland Hill's system which has wrought the wonders of cheap postage in Great Britain; and that will do the same here, if applied according to Rowland Hill's principles. That the expense of postage per letter is inversely as the number of letters, is seen in the fact that in 1839, under the old system, 76,000,000 letters cost, on an average, two-pence half-penny per letter; while in 1840, the first year of the new system, 169,000,000 cost less than a penny, a farthing per letter; and, in 1847, the whole 322,000,000 cost only three and a half farthings per letter. The distance, greater or less, which a letter is carried, is matter of small consequence. Ten letters carried a hundred miles may cost the government a dollar per letter; when 10,000 letters could be carried the same distance, and the transportation cost only one mill per letter. And if government runs one mail from Boston to New York, and another from New York to Philadelphia, it costs no more to carry the Boston letters to Philadelphia. Hence, distance is laid out of the calculation, and uniformity becomes the rule of postage. Hence, also, the productiveness of the post-office is proportioned to the increase of numbers; and therefore the interest of the department requires it to do everything to increase the number of letters, by increasing the public accommodation. The genius of the new system is public accommodation; and the measure of success in administration is the number of letters it induces the people to write, by the facilities it affords for their conveyance.

The increase of letters in Great Britain, from 76,000,000 in 1839, to 169,000,000 in 1840, and 346,000,000 in 1848, shows something of what the system is capable of doing; while the fact that the addition of 93,000,000 letters the first year added only £101,678 to the expense, which is only at the rate of one farthing per letter, shows that the great increase of expenditure, £528,176, added between 1840 and 1848, was caused by increased public accommodation, rather than the increase in the number of letters.

Our own "reduced postage," established by the act of Congress of 1845, contained only one solitary feature of Rowland Hill's system—that of rating letters solely by weight—a great improvement, it is true. And in regard to letters going not more than thirty miles, which make up one-fifth of the whole, and were before carried for six cents, the reduction to five cents was too trifling to produce any considerable effect in increasing the number sent. And yet the results of the act of 1845 all go to confirm the soundness of Rowland Hill's principles, and show that his system is just as applicable, and will prove quite as successful and beneficial in this country, as in Great Britain.

It is quite remarkable, that while the whole cost of management of the British post-office is $6,712,368, that of the United States is only $4,346,850—a difference of $2,365,518. And the cost of transportation, in which we should naturally expect the difference to be very great, on account of the immense distances traversed by our mails, is $2,229,763 in Great Britain, and $2,448,756 in the United states, which is only $210,993 more. There is therefore no shadow of reason why the rate of postage on letters should be greater here than there.

This system has been in operation for ten years, in Great Britain, before the eyes of the people of the U. States. Thousands of our citizens, visiting England, have witnessed its facilities, and experienced its benefits, and have wished that our own country might enjoy the same blessing. Its practicability and adaptedness to this country have been demonstrated over and over again; and yet we do not get cheap postage. None of our leading statesmen have made the cause their own, or have shown that they had taken pains to understand the elementary principles of the system. Congress meets and adjourns, without passing the bill, and the men by whose apathy or opposition so great a good is lost, hold up their heads before the people and are re-elected. Why does not Congress pass a bill establishing Rowland Hill's system of cheap letter postage? The true and only reason is that the *people* — the PEOPLE have never willed it, with that energy of purpose which Congressmen always understand and obey.

The truth is, the people at large have hardly begun to be impressed with the real value of cheap postage. They like the idea very well of sending their letters at a cheaper rate; but the few letters which they now write, do not make their bill for letter postage much of a burden; or, if their business requires many letters, the postage amount is a percentage so small, as to be but little thought of. The public mind has been too much occupied with the financial and pecuniary bearings of the question. On the first introduction of the subject, it found our public men so deeply imbued with the old saw that the "post-office must support itself"—a principle grounded on nothing in the constitution, and contradicted by its own history for two years out of five, that the first objection everywhere to be met with was, "Will it pay?" And we were obliged to wait until the department became convinced, by full experiment that the old system could not be made to pay, before we could get the partial and unskillful reduction of postage, granted by the act of 1845.

Impersonality of Journals.

There is no other newspaper in the world which wields so great an influence as the London *Times*. It has placed itself at the head of the press in Europe, and speaks with a degree of authority which kings might envy. The individuals concerned in its management are nothing—the paper itself is everything. In its columns public questions are continually discussed with masterly ability. It may easily be conjectured that no one mind could originate, prepare, and utter from day to day the erudite, far-reaching disquisitions which tell so powerfully upon the opinion of the world; but that is a matter of no consequence. The *Times* speaks, and its word is potential. It is a gigantic impersonality, a disembodied oracle, whose voice penetrates every corner of the civilized world, and molds the thoughts of a large portion of the human family. Those who are familiar with the way in which this machinery is made to operate, know that many pens are regularly employed upon that sheet. Yet nothing is more evident than the fact that all its articles, from whatever source they come, bear a single impress. The *Times* utters one language. It scorns to tell the public that it disapproves of what itself has said. It never strangles its own offspring. The absence of a "responsible," or the indiscretion of an "assistant," is never proclaimed as the excuse for an acknowledged blunder. Such a practice would soon bring even that great journal into contempt.

Yet the *Times* has a "responsible editor," one who while he scarcely ever writes anything himself, carefully supervises, alters and corrects every editorial, and gives a consistent character to all the utterances of the paper. He never informs the public that nobody writes for his journal except himself, well knowing that nothing else he could say would injure it so much. Several men of learning, talent, and experience are engaged upon a liberal stipend to write regularly for its columns. They furnish articles upon such subjects as may be suggested by their principal, or by their own judgment. These are all carefully read, examined, and usually altered and corrected by the editor. No writer can have any assurance that his production will appear in the shape given it by himself; and none is ever at liberty to claim in any way the authorship of his own articles. It is thus by making the paper great and those who conduct it nothing, that the *Times* has come to be the most considerable journal in existence. It well knows that the public care less than nothing about the individuals who sit at its desks. All its readers want is an able, intelligent, and comprehensive daily paper, and that it is careful to furnish. The machinery behind the curtain it has the sense and taste to conceal.—*Roch. Am.*

Colportage in Virginia.

The Watchman and Observer says that members of the Presbyterian Church in Petersburg commenced in 1855 the work of distributing religious books in Virginia. A student in the Theological Seminary at Prince Edward, Rev. Daniel G. Doake, was employed as a colporteur for this purpose in Dinwiddie county, where the principal religious denominations were Baptists and Methodists. He was instructed to sell or give a volume at every house, unless it was positively refused. An individual, who lived in the vicinity of Petersburg, met the colporteur one day, as he was starting with saddle-bags full of books, and told him not to come to his house, as he wanted none of his trash. The colporteur, however, went to his house, lodged there, and sold him some of the books. A Baptist minister there entered into the work with energy, and invited the colporteur to preach. A revival followed. Among the first converts was the man who told the colporteur not to visit his house. The work spread among the Baptists and Methodists. One family was poor and ignorant. Neither the mother nor her three grown up daughters attended any church. They could not buy a book for want of money, and they could not read one if given to them. A book, however, was left, and a lady in the neighborhood used to visit their house and read it to them. Three of the four became converts, as did the reader. Incidents of like interest attended this first colportage in Virginia, and Winchester and other counties soon imitated the example of Dinwiddie. Such facts as these are constantly happening to prove the great benefits of colportage, and to encourage the hopes and stimulate the zeal of its friends.—*Watch. & Refl.*

Worth Considering.

A man who is very rich now was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches he replied, "My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend money until I had earned it. If I had but half an hour's work to do in a day, I must do that the first thing, and in half an hour. And after this I was allowed to play; and I then could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing every thing in time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this habit I owe my prosperity." Let every boy who reads this go and do likewise, and he will meet a similar reward.

THE CROMWELL FAMILY IN AMERICA.—A correspondent of *Cist's Advertiser* shows that the family of the great Lord Protector of England is not extinct, nor likely to be at present. Cromwell's sixth child Elizabeth married Sir James Claypoole, and died Aug. 6th, 1658.

"Joseph Claypoole, a son of Sir Joseph and Elizabeth Claypoole, emigrated to Philadelphia. He had seven children; George, Joseph, Josiah, John, James, Rebecca and Edith. Rebecca married Henry Pratt; Edith married David Chambers,